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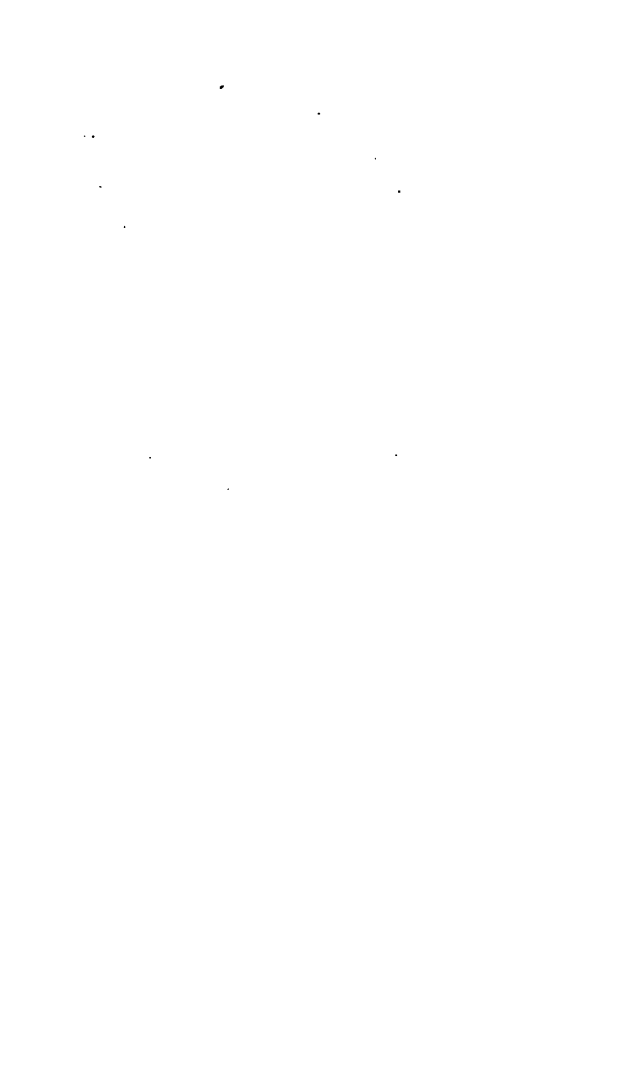
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Ex-libris



Frederick
Lyman
Geddes





John Bell

BELL'S EDITION,
THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER TO CHURCHILL.





DRYDEN VOLUME. III.

Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best.

Page 4.

Printed by J. Bell.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Mar^o 1777.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise.----
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is DRYDEN now. POPE.

Behold where DRYDEN's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bears
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd; and long-resounding pace,
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more. GRAY.

VOL. III.
EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

LOTTIE

JOHN D.

WILLIAM THE FIRST OF



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,

PROLOGUES,

EPILOGUES,

SONGS,

ELEGIES,

EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

But see where artful DRYDEN next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming even in years !
Great DRYDEN next ! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall ;
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.

ADDISON.

EDINBURG:

AT THE *Apollo Press*, BY THE MARTINS

Anno 1778.



all and how insensible a beast
who yet would lord it o'er the rest?
phers and poets vainly strove,
/ age, the lumpish mass to move ;
se were pedants, when compar'd with these,
now not only to instruct, but please. 6
done found the delightful way
rious morals gently to convey
arming numbers ; so that as men grew
d with their poems, they grew wiser too. 10
has always shone among the rest,
s the boldest way, if not the best,
ll men freely of their foulest faults,
ugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
ire, too, the wise took diff'rent ways, 15
uch deserving its peculiar praise.
 " 'Tis not sharpness blame,

Against the greatest folies they declaim ; 25
 And hunt ignoble game.
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
 And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit :
 Scuffle, 'tis labour lost ; for who would preach
 Like an Armatrong, or dull Aston teach ? 30
 His living deems at play, wise at a ball,
 He brings wit and friendship to Whitehall.
 He with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind ;
 That little speck, which all the rest does spoil, 35
 Is worth all that would be a noble toil !
 Beyond the loose-writ fables of this age,
 Is the forced allusion of our declining stage :
 Above all censure, too, each little wit
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit, 40
 Who judging better, tho' concern'd the most,
 If such correction will have cause to boast.
 To such a satire all would seek a share,
 And every soul will fancy he is there.
 He since is less, and must pine and die,
 To see their antiquated wit laid by ;
 The wretch who mis'd her name in a lampoon,
 And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
 A common coxcomb must be mention'd here
 For the dull train of dancing sparks and
 For fluttering officers who never fight ;
 For such a wretched rabble who would

Much less half wits : that's more against our rules ;
 For they are fops, the other are but fools,
 Who would not be as silly as Dunbar, 55
 As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Car ?
 The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
 Who with dull knav'ry makes so much ado ;
 Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too, too fast,
 Like *Æsop's* fox, becomes a prey at last. 60
 Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd ;
 With whom each rhyming fool keep such a pother,
 They are as common that way as the other : 64
 Yet saunt'ring Charles, between his beastly brace,
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,
 Affected humour, or a painted face. }
 In loyal libels we have often told him
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him ;
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep ; 70
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep ?
 Was ever prince by two at once misled,
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred ?
 Earnely and Aylsbury, with all that race
 Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place : 75
 At council set, as foils on Dorset's score,
 To make that great false jewel shine the more ;
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains and telling lies.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

t the grossest follies they declaim ; 25
 hey pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
 g is easier than such blots to hit,
 is the talent of each vulgar wit :
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 to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach ? 30
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How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd
Farrel

...man, but him alone,
To use a body so, tho' 'tis one's own :
Yet this false comfort never gives him o'e
That, whilst he creeps, his vig'rous thought.
Alas ! that soaring, to those few that know
Is but a busy grov'ling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the sky
Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretche
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly.
As the new earl, with parts deserving praise,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,
Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune slight
triving against his quiet all he can,
or the fine notion of a busy man.
And what is that at best, but one whose mind
made to tire himself, and all man's

- 17 -

Will any dog that has his teeth and stones,
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones
To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Tho' satire, nicely writ with humour, stings
But those who merit praise in other things,
Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for Folly Tropos' sake,
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing smoothly and for reas'ning wrong.
As boys, on holy-days let loose to play,
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way,
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
Some silly Cit in her flower'd foolish dress;
So have I mighty satisfaction found
To see his tinsel reason on the ground;
To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,
By some who scarce have words enough to show
For Sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker
But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
Should be acquired by such little sense,
For words and wit did anciently agree

At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woollack, fop at council-table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would
Be rather wise than honest, great than good. 165

Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone ;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease ;
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign, 170
Tho' their whole life's but intermitting pain :
So much of surfeits, headachs, claps, are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between :
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake. 175
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that ;
And first he worried her with railing rhyme 180
Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time ;
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife.
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load, 185
Till Fortune, blindly kind, as well as he,
Has ill-restor'd him to his liberty,
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day :

100. Ned Howard, whom his braver times
101. Fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes.

102. His grave had much ado to 'scape the smart,
103. That learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;
104. And after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,

105. With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;
106. His wretched parents dry'd their weeping eyes.

107. To see him catch his Tartar for his prize;

108. The impatient Town waited the wish'd-for char;

109. And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;

110. The Petworth-plot made us with sorrow see,

111. And his estate, his person too, was free:

112. None so soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;

113. He thought he fled from beauty and from love;

114. But living there, he keeps his freedom still,

115. And to live happily against his will.

116. 'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and pow'r

117. Deny not his boasted quiet ev'ry hour.

118. And still he bid, for simple renown'd,

119. His share has always sought but never found:

120. For all his thoughts on wine and women fal'

121. How so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.

122. The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong

123. His meat and mistresses are kept too long

124. But sure we all mistake this pious man,

125. Who mortifies his person all he can;

In hermit under grove pretence,
 I more contrary to common sense,
 A miracle we may suppose 210
 Does offend his skilful nose,
 From all stink can, with peculiar art,
 Perfume and essence from a f—t—
 g supper is his great delight ;
 All day but to be drunk at night ; 225
 For his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
 Takes Flower and Jack Hall for wine.
 Star I despise for want of wit,
 Right to have a tail and cloven feet ;
 For he mischief means to all mankind, 230
 Alone the ill effects does find ;
 Like witches, justly suffers shame,
 Armless malice is so much the same.
 His words, affected is his wit ;
 He does aim, so seldom hit ; 235
 Face he cringes while he speaks,
 The back is turn'd the head he breaks :
 Each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
 Themselves are mischievous in him :
 That Chance alone makes ev'ry creature ; 240
 Tilligrew, without good nature ;
 A Bessus has he always liv'd,
 Own kickings notably contriv'd ?
 'Tis the folly that's still mix'd with fear,
 More blows than any hero bear.

and Howard, whom his brisker times 190
for dulness in malicious rhymes.
we had much ado to 'scape the snare,
in'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;
all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
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failing there, he keeps his freedom still,
e'd to live happily against his will.
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eak not his boasted quiet ev'ry hour.
And little Sid, for simple renown'd,
easure has always sought but never found:
Tho' all his thoughts on wine and women fall
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong;
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can;
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd Capuchin.

For never hermit under grave pretence,
 Has liv'd more contrary to common sense,
 And 'tis a miracle we may suppose 226
 No nastiness offends his skillful nose,
 Which from all stink can, with peculiar art,
 Extract perfume and essence from a f—t.
 Expecting supper is his great delight ;
 He toils all day but to be drunk at night ; 225
 Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
 'Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

Rochester I despise for want of wit,
 Tho' thought to have a tail and cloven feet ;
 For while he mischief means to all mankind, 230
 Himself alone the ill effects does find ;
 And so, like witches, justly suffers shame,
 Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
 False are his words, affected is his wit ;
 So often he does aim, so seldom hit ; 235
 To ev'ry face he cringes while he speaks,
 But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks :
 Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
 Manners themselves are mischievous in him :
 A proof that Chance alone makes ev'ry creature ; 240
 A very Killigrew, without good nature ;
 For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
 And his own kickings notably contriv'd ?
 For, there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear,
 Cowards more blows than any hero bear.

Y UPON SATIRE.

ne may their pleasures say,
 to run away :
 forgive him all his ill,
 rove his penance still :
 me dang'rous noose, 230
 hours to get loose.
 better quitting,
 nd low submitting.
 out his poetry,
 is well as me. 235
 ne humour, never wit,
 rarely, hit,
 asty rubbish laid,
 nder-woman's trade,
 l remnants of a fire, 260
 shes and in mire.
 e works appear,
 eserve no comments here,
 ight sometimes, left all alone,
 dulness must atone.
 is Man, and how unwise
 himself the most despise
 umble seem'd to be.
 and pride can't see.
 nsense is so sharply sh

I, who have all this while been finding fault
E'en with my master, who first satire taught,
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendous and above reward,
Now labour, with unequal force, to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time ;
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

275

280

ORD,

flatt'ring crowds officiously appear,
 themselves, not you, an happy year,
 the greatness of their presence prove
 such they hope, but not how well they love
 ses, who your early courtship boast,
 now your flames are with their beauty lost,
 tch their time, that if you have forgot
 ere your mistresses the world may not ;
 d by time and wars, they only prove
 ormer beauty by your former love,
 ow present, as ancient ladies do,
 courted long at length are forc'd to woo :
 ll they look on you with such kind eyes,
 ose that see the church's sov'reign rise,
 in whose high sta'

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
To that great charge which Nature did ordain,
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by Fate,
While you dispense the laws and guide the state
The nation's soul, our Monarch, does dispense
Thro' you to us his vital influence ;
You are the channel where those spirits flow,
And work them higher as to us they go.

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky ;
So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our King and you.
Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heav'n can find.

35

So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, tho' your orbs of diff'rent greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
His to inclose, and your's to be inclos'd ;

40

Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptiness had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And share his burden where he shares his heart.
In you his sleep still wakes ; his pleasures find
Their share of bus'ness in your lab'ring mind.

45

So when the weary Sun his place resigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection shines,
Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft mercy from a private cause,

50

en disencumber'd from those arms and work
v'n would our royal master should exceed
it in that virtue which we most did need;
his mild father (who too late did find
mercy vain but what with pow'r was join'd
fatal goodness left to fitter times,
to increase, but to absolve our crimes:
when the heir of this vast treasure knew
w large a legacy was left to you,
o great for any subject to retain)
wisely ty'd it to the crown again:
passing thro' your hands it gathers more,
streams thro' mines bear tincture of their ore
while emp'ric politicians use deceit,
de what they give, and cure but by a cheat,
u boldly shew that skill which they pretend
d work by means as noble as your end;
rich, should you veil, we might unwind t

By you our Monarch does that fame assure
 Which kings must have, or cannot live secure; 80
 For prosp'rous princes gain their subjects' heart,
 Who love that praise in which themselves have part.
 By you he fits those subjects to obey,
 As heav'n's eternal Monarch does convey
 His pow'r unseen, and man to his designs 85
 By his bright ministers, the stars, inclines.

Our setting sun, from his declining seat,
 Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat;
 And when his love was bounded in a few,
 That were unhappy that they might be true, 90
 Made you the fav'rite of his last sad times,
 That is, a suff'rer in his subjects' crimes.
 Thus those first favours you receiv'd were sent,
 Like heav'n's rewards, in earthly punishment;
 Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny, 95
 E'en then took care to lay you softly by,
 And wrapp'd your Fate among her precious things,
 Kept fresh, to be unfolded with your King's.
 Shewn, all at once you dazzled so our eyes,
 As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise, 100
 When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,
 She struck the warlike spear into the ground,
 Which sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose,
 And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the arts of peace, 105
 Whose restless motions less than wars do cease!

while you so smoothly turn and
That rapid motion does but rest :
For as in Nature's swiftmess, with
Of flying orbs while our's is born
All seems at rest to the deluded e
Mov'd by the soul of the same he
So carried on by your unwearied
We rest in peace, and yet in mot
Let Envy, then, those crimes wit
From which the happy never mu
Envy, that does with Misery resi
The joy and the revenge of ruin
Think it not hard if, at so cheap
You can secure the constancy of
Whose kindness sent what does tl
By lesser ills the greater to redee
Nor can we this weak show'r a t

But like some mount
Where in perpetual
Your greatness shew
But trees for shade, a
Sometimes the hill su
In small descents, wh
And sometimes mount
Whose rise not hinders
Your brow which does
Sees rolling tempests vai
And, like Olympus' top,
Of love and friendship wi
Yet, unimpair'd with labo
Your age but seems to a n
Thus heav'nly bodies do o
And measure change, but sh
And still it shall without a
Like this New-year, whose n
For since the glorious course
Is led by Charles, as that is by
It must both weightless and in
Because the centre of it is above

our spirit
he throng
along,
ye,
armony ;
d care,
otion share.
s within you see,
er must be free ;
ry reside,
of ruin'd pride.
cheap a rate,
ncy of Fate,
does their malice seem,
redeem,
r a tempest call,
e sunshine fall.
fortune so,
end or foe,
nires to feel
her wheel.
ble fate,
into state,

Envy, that does with misery reside,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
Think it not hard if, at so cheap a rate,
You can secure the constancy of Fate,
Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem
By lesser ills the greater to redeem,
Nor can we this weak show'r a tempest call,
But drops of heat that in the sunshine fall.
You have already weary'd Fortune so,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe,
But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
A fate so weighty, that it stops her wheel.
In all things else above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet swells not into state,

TO THE LORD CHANCELL

But like some mountain in those h
Where in perpetual spring young
Your greatness shews no horror t
But trees for shade, and flow'rs to
Sometimes the hill submits itself a
In small descents, which do its h
And sometimes mounts, but so as
Whose rise not hinders but makes
Your brow which does no fear of
Sees rolling tempests vainly beat b
And, like Olympus' top, the impr
Of love and friendship writ in for
Yet, unimpair'd with labours or v
Your age but seems to a new you
Thus heav'nly bodies do our time
And measure change, but share no
And still it shall without a weigh
Like this New-year, whose motion
For since the glorious course you h
Is led by Charles, as that is by the
It must both weightless and immo
Because the centre of it is above.

DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

MUST noble Hastings immaturely die,
 The honour of his ancient family ;
 Beauty and learning thus together meet,
 To bring a winding for a wedding sheet ?
 Must virtue prove Death's harbinger ? must she, 5
 With him expiring, feel mortality ?

Is death, sin's wages, grace's now ? shall art
 Make us more learned only to depart ?
 If merit be disease, if virtue death ;
 To be good not to be ; who'd then bequeath 10
 Himself to discipline ? who'd not esteem
 Labour a crime ? study self-murder deem ?
 Our noble youth now have pretence to be
 Dunces securely, ign'rant healthfully.
 Rare linguist ! whose worth speaks itself
 praise,

Tho' not his own, all tongues besides do
 Than whom great Alexander may seem
 Who conquer'd men, but not their lan-
 In his mouth nations spake ; his tongue
 Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy
 His native soil was the four parts
 All Europe was too narrow
 A young apostle, and, with
I speak ' with gif

THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS. 23

him, a child, what men in vain 25

by art tho' further'd, to obtain.

As an orb, his sublime soul

in Virtue's and on learning's pole ;

For motions better to our view

needed sphere the heav'ns did shew. 30

Virtues, languages and arts,

Learning, fill'd up all the parts.

Stars, which do like falling stars appear

Others, all, as in their sphere,

Conglobate in his soul ; and thence 35

His body with sweet influence,

His glories so on each limb fall,

His frame render'd was celestial.

And Ptolemy, and trial make,

Hero's altitude canst take : 40

Ascends thy skill ; thrice happy all,

It prove thus astronomical.

Now, struck with this ray which shone

Not th' morn' than others beam at noon,

As astrolabe, and seek out here 45

Far 'twas did gild our hemisphere.

Then with such rare gifts as these,

Room left for such a foul disease ?

As sin hath drawn that veil, which shrouds

Living in so sad benighting clouds ; 50

Should no longer trust its pledge, but thus

Rapt its Ganymede from us.

One jewel set on with so many a to
Blisters with pride swell'd, which
Like rose-buds stuck i' th' lily-skin
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its rising did comm
Which, rebel-like with its own lord
Thus made an insurrection 'gainst hi
Or were these gems sent to adorn his
The cab'net of a richer soul within?
No comet need foretel his change dre
Whose corpse might seem a constella
O! had he dy'd of old, how great a
Had been, who from his death shoul
Who should, by one rich draught, be
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were?
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and
An universal metempsychosis.
Must all these aged sires in one fun'r

Must then old three-legg'd gray-beards, with their gout
 Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three ages out ?
 Time's offals, only fit for th' hospital !
 Or to hang antiquaries' rooms withal !
 Must drunkards, lechers, spent with sinning, live 85
 With such helps as broths, possets, physic, give ?
 None live but such as should die ? shall we meet
 With none but ghostly fathers in the street ?
 Grief makes me rail ; sorrow will force its way,
 And show'rs of tears tempestuous sighs best lay. 90
 The tongue may fail, but overflowing eyes
 Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.

But thou, O virgin-widow ! left alone,
 Now thy belov'd, heav'n-ravish'd, spouse is gone,
 Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply 95
 Med'cines when thy balm was no remedy,
 With greater than Platonic love, O wed
 His soul, tho' not his body, to thy bed :
 Let that make thee a mother ; bring thou forth
 Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth ; 100
 Transcribe th' original in new copies ; give
 Hastings o' th' better part ; so shall he live
 In's nobler half ; and the great grandsire be
 Of an heroic, divine progeny ;
 An issue which t' eternity shall last, 105
 Yet but th' irradiations which he cast.
 Erect no mausoleums ; for his best
 Monument is his spouse's marble breast. 108

EPISTLES*.

I.

*To my honoured friend, Sir ROBERT HOWARD, on his
excellent poems.*

As there is music, uninform'd by art,
In those wild notes which, with a merry heart,
The birds in unfrequented shades express,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us less;
So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
Which shames composure, and its art excels,
Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
'Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmness does suppose them deep,
Such is your Muse : no metaphor swell'd high,
With dang'rous boldness, lifts her to the sky :
Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.

* The Epistles are in this edition, arranged according to chronological order, which was never done before, excepting in the edition of Miscellanies in 1660, in four volumes octavo. The epistle to Mr. Stan is retained, not from any high opinion of its value, but because find it in the Miscellanies, and cannot, therefore, suppose it to be an addition.

'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear,
 And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.
 Either your art hides art, as Stoics feign
 Then least to feel when most they suffer pain, 20
 And we, dull souls ! admire, but cannot see
 What hidden springs within the engine be ;
 Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues
 Each act and motion of your graceful Muse.
 Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head 25
 The curious net that is for fancies spread
 Lets thro' its meshes ev'ry meaner thought,
 While rich ideas there are only caught ?
 Sure that's not all ; this is a peace too fair,
 To be the child of Chance, and not of Care. 30
 No atoms casually together hurl'd,
 Could e'er produce so beautiful a world :
 Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit
 As would destroy the providence of Wit.
 'Tis your strong genius, then, which does not feel
 Those weights would make a weaker spirit reel. 36
 To carry weight and run so lightly too,
 Is what alone your Pegasus can do.
 Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more
 Than not to feel those heav'ns and gods he bore. 40
 Your easier Odes, which for delight were penn'd,
 Yet our instruction make their second end ;
 We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
 At once a beauty and a fortune too.

Of moral knowledge Poesy was queen, 45
And still she might, had wanton wits not been,
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge:
Like some brave captain, your successful pen
Restores the exil'd to her crown again, 50
And gives us hope that, having seen the days,
When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
"A sober prince's government is best."
This is not all; your art the way has found 55
To make th' improvement of the richest ground;
That soil which those immortal laurels bore,
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliza's griefs are so express'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true. 60
Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove, had said,
If fun'ral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your Muse so justly has discharged those.
Eliza's shade may now its wand'ring cease, 65
And claim a title to the fields of peace,
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess,
Who dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin-robcs he took. 70
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers with your author's view;

Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
 Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff;
 His colours laid so thick on ev'ry place,
 As only shew'd the paint, but hid the face. 76
 But as in perspective we beauties see,
 Which in the glass, not in the picture, be;
 So here our sight obligingly mistakes
 That wealth, which his your bounty only makes. 80
 Thus vulgar dishes are by cooks disguis'd,
 More for their dressing than their substance priz'd.
 Your curious Notes so search into that age,
 When all was fable but the sacred page,
 That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,
 We are at least misled in pleasant way. 86
 But what we most admire, your verse no less
 The prophet than the poet doth confess.
 Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
 Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.
 So skilful seamen ken the land from far, 91
 Which shews like mists to the dull passenger.
 To Charles your Muse first pays her dutious love,
 As still the Ancients did begin from Jove.
 With monk you end, whose name preserv'd shall be
 As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
 Who thought it greater honour to obey
 His country's int'rest than the world to sway.
 But to write worthy things of worthy men,
 Is the peculiar talent of your pen :

Thro' you the Danes, their short dominion
 A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.
 Stone-Henge, once thought a temple, you have
 A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were
 Where by their wond'ring subjects they were
 Joy'd with their stature and their princely name
 Our Sov'reign here above the rest might stand
 And here be chose again to rule the land.

These Ruins shelter'd once his sacred head
 When he from Worc'ster's fatal battle fled,
 Watch'd by the Genius of this royal place,
 And mighty visions of the Danish race.
 His refuge, then, was for a temple shown;
 But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

III.

*To the Lady CASTLEMAIN, upon her encouragement
 first play.*

As seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore
 Discover wealth in lands unknown before,
 And, what their art had labour'd long in vain
 By their misfortunes happily obtain;
 So my much-envy'd Muse, by storms long
 Is thrown upon your hospitable coast.
 And finds more favour by her ill success
 Than she could hope for by her happy

o's virtue did the gods oppose,
 y the victor, he the vanquish'd, chose; 10
 ave done what Cato could not do,
 the vanquish'd, and restore him too.
 s still triumph, and gain the cause
 deserts, or by the world's applause;
 crowns, and Justice laurels, give, 15
 e, happy, by your pity live.

s empty fame and praise despise;
 ne trumpet, but your smile the prize.
 ove, and see vain men below
 for what you only can bestow: 20

great actions others do by chance,
 your beauty, your inheritance:
 soul, such sweetness, join'd in one,
 y spring from noble Grandison.
 the stars, not by reflection bright, 25
 to your own heav'n and your own light;
 a are good, but from a nobler cause,
 r own knowledge, not from Nature's laws.
 r you never use but for defence,
 your own or others' innocence: 30

are such as they, not you, have made,
 ue may repel, tho' not invade.

rage did the ancient heroes show,
 en they might prevent, would wait the blow;
 h assurance as they meant to say, 35
 o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.

III.

EPISTLES.

warm ; and if the rising year,
 gions, brings the sun too near,
 make your fragrant spices blow,
 or cooler climates will not grow.
 Think you animate your theme
 such fire, who are themselves all phle
 d be for lags of slowest pace,
 es made the judges of the race.
 ie drones who praise while they accu
 th vigour of your youthful Muse :
 e style which they your virtue make
 ow'r ; you need but stoop and take
 ous images must be allow'd
 some vile poets of the crowd.
 ould any signpost-dauber know
 of Titian or of Angelo?
 as ev'ry bungler can command ;
 he beauty shews a master's hand.

V.

of ROSCOMMON, on his excellen
Verst.

The Grecians added verse ; their tuneful tongue · 5
 Made Nature first, and Nature's God, their song.
 Nor stopt translation her : for conqu'ring Rome,
 With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home,
 Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more
 Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before ; 10
 Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
 Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes ;
 Those rude at first, a kind of hobbling prose,
 That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.

But Italy, reviving from the trance 15
 Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
 With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
 And all the graces a good ear affords,
 Made rhyme an art ; and Dante's polish'd page
 Restor'd a Silver, not a Golden, age.
 Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see }
 What rhyme, improv'd in all its height, can be ; }
 At best a pleasing sound and fair barbarity.
 The French pursu'd their steps ; and Britain last,
 In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd. 25

The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
 Appear exalted in the British loom :
 The Muses' empire is restor'd again
 In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen :
 Yet modestly he does his work survey, 30
 And calls a finish'd poem an Essay :

EPISTLES.

Rules are scatter'd here,
 Bold, and pleasantly severe ;
 Quis'd, for nature to appear.
 Rules to give translation light ;
 Is a flame so bright,
 It arrives to copy well,
 Advance, unknowing will excel.
 Horace could such rules ordain,
 Virgil sing a nobler strain.
 Him may rising Ireland boast !
 Gaining him has Britain lost !
 In revenge, has our's reclaim'd ;
 Instructed we, the more we still are shamed
 As his gen'rous blood did flow,
 In British channels long ago,
 His conqu'ring ancestors were nurst,
 But translated England first :
 In rivalry we regain our right,
 The two contending nations fight ;
 Warrel for his native earth,
 Divided Greece for Homer's birth
 Perfection will our tongue arrive.
 Invention and translation thrive,
 Poets nobly born will bear their part
 To claim th' inglorious praise of art
 As thus, descending from command
 To tell provoke the soldiers'

EPISTLES.

How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
 His fame augmented by an English peer!
 How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
 Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves!
 When these translate, and teach translators too,
 Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
 Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand:
 Roscommon writes; to that auspicious hand, 65 }
 Muse! feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.
 Roscommon! whom both court and camps commend,
 True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
 Roscommon! first in fields of honour known, 70 }
 First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown,
 Who both Minervas justly makes his own.
 Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
 Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
 In equal terms with ancient wit engage, 75
 Or mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page:
 Our English palace opens wide in state,
 And without stooping, they may pass the gate. 78

VI.

Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS, on the memorable vic-
 tory gained by the Duke over the Hollanders, June 3,
 1665; and on her journey afterwards into the North.

DAM,

Now, for our sakes, your hero you resign'd
 Selling seas, and every faithless wind;

To you we live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes should be alike,
From Tropic e'en to pole Arctic,
Since you have such a constitution
As no where suffers diminution.

grave debate,
re-affairs of state;
es and husbands show
Plenipo.
sioner you come
ous merit sure,
S much t' endure;

And all to preach to German dame,
Where sound of Cupid never came.
Less had you done, had you been sent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the Line-a.
Or e'en for oranges to China,
That had indeed been charity,
Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.

EPISTLES.

But you have made your zeal appear
 Within the circle of the Bear :
 What region of the earth so dull,
 That is not of your labours full ?
 Triptolemus (so sung the Nine)
 Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
 But, spite of all these fable-makers,
 He never sow'd on Almain acres :
 No, that was left, by Fate's decree,
 To be perform'd and sung by thee.
 Thou break'st thro' forms with as much ease
 As the French king thro' articles.
 In grand affairs thy days are spent,
 In waging weighty compliment
 With such as monarchs represent,
 By whom such vast fatigues attend,
 Not some soft minutes to unbend,
 To shew the world that now and then
 At ministers are mortal men.
 When Rhenish rummers walk the round,
 Empers ev'ry king is crown'd ;
 As three holy mitred Hectors,
 The whole college of Electors.
 With of potentate is sunk,
 Says to make his Envoy drunk.
 Dutch delights I mention'd last
 , I know, your English taste ;
 , to leave a whore or play,
 For your Excellency's way.

35

40

45

50

Now, if you top in form and treat,
'Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here's a harder imposition,
Which is indeed the Court's petition,
That, setting worldly pomp aside,
Which poet has at font deny'd,
You would be pleas'd, in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wise negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will say
The Duke St. Aignan made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His Grace of Bucks has made a Farce

VIII.

*To Mr. SOUTHERN, on his Comedy called The Wise's
Excuse.*

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write while these malignant planets reign.
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit,
And whilst it lasts let buffoon'ry succeed 5
To make us laugh, for never was more need.
Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent,
But the gain smells not of the excrement.
The Spanish Nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a single show ; 10
But let a monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit ;
Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit : }
To Terence plotted but so Terence writ. 15 }
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean ;
E'en lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine,
But rest secure the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd, 20
But with a kind civility dismiss'd ;
With such good manners as the wife did use
Who, not excepting, did but just refuse.

To HENRY HIGDEN, Esq. on his translation of
Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

THE Grecian wits, who satire first began,
Were pleasant pasquins on the life of man ;
At mighty villains, who the state oppress,
They durst not rail ; perhaps they lash'd, at least
And turn'd them out of office with a jest.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wise legislators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of common law ;
For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,
Tho' foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
And satire is our court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.

But your's who liv'd in more degen'rate times,
 Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
 Yet you, my Friend ! have temper'd him so well,
 You make him smile in spite of all his zeal ;
 An art peculiar to yourself alone.

20

To join the virtues of tw

Oh ! were your author

Half of the lab'ring worl

For not to wish is not be

Revenge would into charity r

25

Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd :

It costs our quiet and content of mind,

And when 'tis compass'd leaves a sting behind.

Suppose I had the better end o' th' staff,

Why should I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh ?

'Tis all alike to them who get the day ;

31

They love the spite and mischief of the fray.

No ; I have cur'd myself of that disease,

Nor will I be provok'd but when I please ;

But let me half that cure to you restore,

35

You gave the salve, I laid it to the sore.

Our kind relief against a rainy day,

Beyond a tavern or a tedious play,

We take your book, and laugh our spleen away.

If all your tribe too studious of debate,

40

Would cease false hopes and titles to create,

Led by the rare example you begun,

Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

The Double Dealer.

WELL, then, the promis'd hour is
 The present age of wit obscures th
 Strong were our sires, and as they
 Conqu'ring with force of arms and
 Theirs was the giant race before th
 And thus when Charles return'd on
 Like Janus, he the stubborn soil ma
 With rules of husbandry, the rank
 Tam'd us to manners when the stag
 And boist'rous English wit with ar
 Our age was cultivated thus at leng
 But what we gain'd in skill we lost
 Our builders were with want of ge
 The second temple was not like the
 Till now that the first is

One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley,
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd,
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd,
So much the sweetness of your manners move
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Tho' he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame
And scholar to the youth he taught became
O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd
The father had descended for the son,
For only you are lineal to the throne.

And us to manners when the stage was rude,
And boist'rous English wit with art endu'd.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curs'd ;
The second temple was not like the first ;
Till you, the best Vitruvius, 'come at length,
Our beauties equal but excel our strength.
Firm Doric Pillars found your solid base,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space ;
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise ;
He mov'd the mind, but had not pow'r to raise.
Great Johnson did by strength of judgment please
Yet doubling Fletcher's force he wants his ease.

...shall submit,
You match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley,
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd,
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
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And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Tho' he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had not
The first

But genius must be
This is your portion, this your name
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before, [more
To Shakspeare gave as much; she could not give him

Maintain your post, that's all the fame you need
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage.
Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and, O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue
But shade those laurels which descend
And take for tribute what these lines
You merit more, nor could my love

XI.

*To Mr. GRANVILLE, on his excellent Tragedy called
Heroic Love.*

AUSPICIOUS Poet! wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy what I must commend?
But since 'tis Nature's law in love and wit,
That youth should reign, and with'ring age submit,
With less regret those laurels I resign, 5
Which dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last. 10
Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise;
Old monarchs, tho' successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel, then; thy blooming age 15
Can best, if any can, support the stage,
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduc'd to second infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
They plot not on the stage, but on the Town, 20
And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill.

EPISTLES.

me, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,
 that e'en Cornëille might with envy see
 an' alliance of his tripled Unity. } 53
 My incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
 that too much plenty is thy fault alone.
 At least but two can that good crime commit,
 thou in design, and Wycherley in wit.
 Let thy own Gauls condemn thee if they dare, 40
 contented to be thinly regular.
 Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
 With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
 Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much,
 And, like pure gold, it bends at ev'ry touch: 45
 Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
 More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd with
 allay.
 At whence art thou aspir'd and thou alone.
 To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
 It moves our wonder that a foreign guest
 Should overmatch the most and match the best.
 Under-praising thy deserts I wrong;
 We find the first deficiency of our tongue
 Words, once my stock, are wanting to commend
 Great a poet and so good a friend.

XIII.

*To the Duchess of YORK, on her return from Scotland in
the year 1682.*

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
 The Queen of Beauty and the Court of Love,
 The Muses droop'd with their forsaken arts,
 And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts;
 Our fruitful plains to wilds and deserts turn'd, 5
 Like Eden's face when banish'd Man it mourn'd.
 Love was no more when Loyalty was gone,
 The great supporter of his awful throne.
 Love could no longer after Beauty stay,
 But wander'd northward to the verge of day, 10
 As if the sun and he had lost their way. }
 But now th' illustrious Nymph, return'd again,
 Brings ev'ry grace triumphant in her train.
 The wond'ring Nereids, tho' they rais'd no storm,
 Foreflow'd her passage to behold her form. 15
 Some cry'd, A Venus; some, a Thetis, past;
 But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
 Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride,
 And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
 Whate'er we suffer'd from her sullen fate, 20
 Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.
 Three gloomy years against this day were set,
 But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt:

Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom
The famine past, the plenty still to come.
For her the weeping heav'ns become serene
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And nature has for her delay'd the spring,
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love, restor'd, his ancient realm surveys;
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waste dominions peoples once again,
And from her presence dates his second reign
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit;
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam
The people's wonder and the poet's theme,
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more shall vex the church and tear the state
No more shall Faction civil discords move,
Or only discords of too tender love;
Discord like that of music's various parts;
Discord that makes the harmony of hearts;
Discord that only this dispute shall bring,
Who best shall love the Duke and serve the King

XIV.

*To my honoured kinsman, JOHN DRYDEN, of Chesterton,
in the county of Huntingdon, Esq.*

How bless'd is he who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who, studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age!
All who deserve his love he makes his own. 5
And to be lov'd himself needs only to be known.

Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours come, }
From your award to wait their final doom, }
And, foes before, return in friendship home. }
Without their cost you terminate the cause, 10
And save th' expence of long litigious laws,
Where suits are travers'd, and so little won,
That he who conquers is but last undone.
Such are not your decrees; but, so design'd, }
'The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind, 15 }
Like your own soul serene, a pattern of your mind. }

Promoting concord, and composing strife.
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight; 20
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were curst;

To which, if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain:
In vain the leech would interpose delay;

Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey. 80

What help from Art's endeavours can we have? }
Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save; [grave, }
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples ev'ry }
And no more mercy to mankind will use.

Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muse. 85
Would'st thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole?
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy soul.

By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood;
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men, 90
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend:

God never made his work for man to mend. 95

The tree of Knowledge once in Eden plac'd,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste;
O, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of Life!
Now both are lost; yet, wand'ring in the dark, 100
Physicians for the tree have found the bark:
They, lab'ring for relief of human kind, }
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find: }
Th' apothecary-train is wholly blind.

From files a random recipe they take, 105
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth, gen'rous as his Muse, prescribes and gives;
The shopman sells, and by destruction lives.
Ungrateful tribe ! who, like the viper's brood,
From med'cine issuing, suck their mother's blood ;
Let these obey, and let the learn'd prescribe, 111
That men may die without a double bribe ;
Let them, but under their superiors, kill
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill.
He 'scapes the best who, nature to repair, 115
Draws physic from the fields in draughts of vital air.

You hoard not health for your own private use,
But on the public spend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from you lov'd retreat, 120
And sends to senates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more shuns, and none can better bear.
Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit ?
Were these both wanting, as they both abound, 125
Where could so firm integrity be found ?
Well-born, and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court ;
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give what public needs require. 130
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade,
And part employ'd to roll the wat'ry trade :

E'en Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a sabbath-year to mend the meagre soil.

Good senators (and such as you) so give
That kings may be supply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor over-buys,
But on our native strength in time of needs relies.
Munster was bought : we boast not the success ;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.

Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd
The peace both parties want is like to last ;
Which, if secure, securely we may trade ;
Or, not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is our's, and that defends the land.
Be then the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

On give the war in ev'ry annual course ;
What has been done was done with British force
More subdu'd is England's palm alone ;
Not rest besieg'd, but we constrain'd the town.
We wait the event that follow'd our success ;
Peace, tho' pretending arms, pursu'd the peace ;
And, by one sole treaty, to restore

When once the Persian king was put to flight, 160
 The weary Macedons refus'd to fight;
 Themselves their own mortality confest,
 And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.

E'en victors are by victories undone:
 Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won, 165 }
 To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own. }
 While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
 Why should we tempt the doubtful dye agen?
 In wars renew'd, uncertain of success,
 Sure of a share as umpires of the peace. 170

A patriot both the king and country serves,
 Prerogative and privilege preserves:
 Of each our laws the certain limit show;
 One must not ebb, nor th' other overflow:
 Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand, 175 }
 The barriers of the state on either hand: [land. }
 May neither overflow, for then they drown the
 When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode.
 Like those that water'd once the Paradise of God.

Some overpoise of sway by turns they share, 180
 In peace the people, and the prince in war:
 Consuls of mod'rate pow'r in calms were made;
 When the Gauls came one sole Dictator sway'd.

Patriots in peace assert the people's right,
 With noble stubbornness resisting might; 185
 No lawless mandates from the Court receive,
 Nor lend by force, but in a body give.

Such was your gen'rous grandsire ; free to grant
 In parliaments that weigh'd their prince's want ;
 But so tenacious of the common cause,
 As not to lend the king against his laws ;
 And, in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
 In bonds retain'd his birth-right liberty,
 And sham'd Oppression till it set him free.

O true descendent of a patriot line ;
 Who, while thou shar'st their lustre lend'st them thine,
 Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see ;
 'Tis so far good as it resembles thee :
 The beauties to th' original I owe,
 Which, when I miss, my own defects I show :
 Nor think the kindred Muses thy disgrace ;
 A poet is not born in ev'ry race :
 Two of a house few ages can afford,
 One to perform, another to record.
 Praise-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd,
 And 'tis my praise to make thy praises last :
 For ev'n when death dissolves our human frame,
 The soul returns to Heav'n, from whence it came ;
 Earth keeps the body, Verse preserves the fame.

XV.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, principal painter to his Majesty.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:
True, she was dumb; for nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue:
But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the price; 5
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.

Such are thy pictures, Kneller! such thy skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Liveth there, and wants but words to speak her thought.
At least thy pictures look a voice; and we 11
Imagine sounds; deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see. }

Shadows are but privations of the light,
Yet when we walk they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall; 16
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.

Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife,
And from their animated canvas came 20
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.

Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;

And either would thy nobler work inspire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire. 25

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise ;
This is the least attendant on thy praise :
From hence the rudiments of Art began ;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man :
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall, 30
Gave outlines to the rude original,
Ere canvas yet was stain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face. }

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd ; 35
As man grew polish'd, picture was inhanc'd.
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective,
And then the mimic-piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true.
But all came forward in one common view ; 40
No point of light was known, no bounds of art ;
When light was there it knew not to depart,
But glaring, on remoter objects play'd,
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive, 45
And with old Greece unequally did strive,

'Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pensil find an equal fate :
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight 55
Of brutal nations only born to fight.

Long time the Sister Arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep;
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes. 60

Thence rose the Roman and the Lombard line;
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Thy genius gives thee both: where true design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join, 66
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest,
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives. 70
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

Shakespeare, thy gift, I place before my sight;
With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;
With rev'rence look on his majestic face, 75
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight :

Bids thee, thro' me, be bold; with dauntless breast
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.
Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are lost;
When most they rail, know, then they envy most.
In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd.
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren industry deplore,
Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind.
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are sisters, tho' not twins in birth,
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth:
But, oh! the Painter-muse, tho' last in place,
Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found,
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound,
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd. 95.
Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I;
But pass we that displeasing image by.
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine,
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.
Likeness appears in every lineament;
But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
Tho' Nature there her true resemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears. 1

So warm thy work, so glows the gen'rous frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.

Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
When on wild Nature we ingraft our skill,
But not creating beauties at our will.

110

But poets are confin'd in narrower space,
To speak the language of their native place;
The painter widely stretches his command;
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of ev'ry land.

114

From hence, my friend! all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.

All nations, all immunities, will give

To make you their's where'er you please to live,
And not sev'n cities, but the world, would strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did smile,
When first you were conducted to this isle:
Oar Genius brought you here t' enlarge our fame,
For your good stars are ev'ry where the same.

125

Thy matchless hand, of ev'ry region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.
Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
With gen'rous emulation fir'd thy blood;
For what in Nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.

130

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.

Less art thou help'd by Dryden's bed-ridden age,
That drone has lost his sting upon the stage.
Resolve me, poor Apostate! this my doubt,
What hope hast thou to rub this winter out?
Know, and be thankful then, for Providence
By me hath sent thee this intelligence.

A knight there is, if thou canst gain his grace,
Known by the name of the Hard-favour'd Face,
For prowess of the pen-renown'd is he,
From Don Quixote descended lineally;
And tho', like him, unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in attempts of wit and love:
Of his unfinish'd face what shall I say,
But that 'twas made of Adam's own red clay?
That much, much ochre was on it bestow'd;
God's image 'tis not, but some Indian god;
Our Christian earth can no resemblance bring,
But ware of Portugal, for such a thing.
Such carbuncles his fiery face confess,
As no Hungarian water can redress;
A face which, should he see, (but Heav'n was kin
And to indulge his self Love made him blind)
He durst not stir abroad for fear to meet
Curses of teeming women in the street:
The best could happen from this hideous sight,
Is that they should miscarry with the fright—
Heav'n guard 'em from the likeness of the knight.

Such is our charming Strephon's outward man, 45
His inward parts let those disclose who can.

One while he honoureth Birtha with his flame,
And now he chants no less Lovisa's name ;
For when his passion hath been bubbling long,
The scum at last boils up into a song; 50

And sure no mortal creature, at one time,
Was e'er so far o'ergone with love and rhyme.
To his dear self of poetry he talks,

His hands and feet are scanning as he walks ;
His writhing looks his pangs of wit accuse, 55

The airy symptoms of a breeding Muse,
And all to gain the great Lovisa's grace,
But never pen did pimp for such a face :

There's not a nymph in city, town, or court,
But Strephon's billet-doux has been their sport. 60
Still he loves on, yet still he's sure to miss,

As they who wash an Ethiop's face or his.

What fate unhappy Strephon does attend,
Never to get a mistress nor a friend ?

Strephon alike both wits and fools detest, 65

'Cause he's like Æsop's batt, half bird half beast ;

For fools to poetry have no pretence,

And common wit supposes common sense :

Not quite so low as fool, nor quite a top,
He hangs between them both, and is a fop. 70

His morals, like his wit, are motley too ;

He keeps from arrant knave with much ado ;

Strephon is in a course of poetry.

This is the man ordain'd to do thee good,
The pelican to feed thee with his blood ;
Thy wit, thy poet, nay, thy friend : for he
Is fit to be a friend to none but thee.
Make sure of him, and of his Muse, betime
For all his study is hung round with rhymes
Laugh at him, jostle him, yet still he writes
In rhyme he challenges, in rhyme he fights
Charg'd with the last and basest infamy,
His bus'ness is to think what rhymes to lie ;
Which found, in fury he retorts again ;
Strephon's a very dragon at his pen :
His brother murder'd, and his mother who
His mistress lost, and yet his pen's his sword

KVH.

To her grace the Duchess of ORMOND, with the Author's
Translation of *Palamus and Arcite*.

MADAM,

THE bard who first adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his British lyre this ancient song,
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse :
He match'd their beauties where they most excel, 5
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.

Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond ! to behold
What pow'r the charms of beauty had of old ;
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
Inspir'd by two fair eyes that sparkled like your own.

If Chaucer by the best idea wrought, 11
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The fairest nymph before his eyes he set,
And then the fairest was Plantagenet,
Who three contending princes made their prize, 15
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes ;
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest Order gave the name.

Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests and extend your own : 20
As when the stars in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid space,
Atcert ain periods they resume their place :

From the same point of heav'n their course advance,
And move in measures of their former dance ; 15
Thus after length of ages she returns,
Restor'd in you, and the same place adorns ;
Or you perform her office in the sphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new Platonic year.
O true Plantagenet ! O race divine ! 32
(For beauty still is fatal to the line)
Had Chaucer liv'd that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you ;
Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the Knight ; 35
And conqu'ring Theseus from his side had sent
Your gen'rous lord to guide the Theban government.
Time shall accomplish that ; and I shall see
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the Fates your path prepar'd, 40
And sure presage your future sway declar'd.
When westward, like the sun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before 45
To smoothe the seas ; a soft Etusian gale

The land, if not restrain'd, had met your way,
 Projected out a neck, and jutt'd to the sea.
 Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, ador'd,
 In you, the pledge of her expected lord,
 Due to her isle; a venerable name, 55
 His father and his grandsire known to fame:
 Aw'd by that house, accusom'd to command,
 The sturdy Kerns in due subjection stand,
 Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand. }

At your approach they crowded to the port, 60
 And, scarcely landed, you create a court:
 As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;
 For Venus is the promise of the Sun.

The waste of Civil wars their towns destroy'd,
 Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd, 65
 Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
 Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
 Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought;
 So mighty recompense your beauty brought.

As when the dove, returning, bore the mark 70
 Of earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring ark,
 The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
 Ope'd ev'ry window to receive the guest,
 And the fair bearer of the message blest: }
 So when you came, with loud repeated cries, 75
 The nation took an omen from your eyes,
 And God advanc'd his rainbow in the skies, }

To sign inviolable peace restor'd ; [cc

The saints, with solemn shouts, proclaim the new

When at your second coming you appear,

(For I foretel that millenary year)

The sharpen'd share shall vex the soil no more,

But Earth, unbidden, shall produce her store ;

The Land shall laugh, the circling Ocean smile,

And Heav'n's indulgence bless the holy isle.

Heav'n from all ages has reserv'd for you

That happy clime which venom never knew ;

Or if it had been there, your eyes alone

Have pow'r to chase all poison but their own.

Now in this interval which Fate has cast

Betwixt your future glories and your past,

This pause of pow'r, 'tis Ireland's hour to mou

While England celebrates your safe return,

By which you seem the seasons to command,

And bring our summers back to their forsaken l

The vanquish'd isle our leisure must attend,

Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send ;

Nor can we spare you long, tho' often we may lend

The dove was twice employ'd abroad before

The world was dry'd, and she return'd no more

Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,

New from her sickness, to that Northern air ;

Rest here a while, your lustre to restore,

That they may see you as you shone before ;

Or yet th' eclipse not wholly past, you wade 105
Through some remains and dimness of a shade.

A subject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor suffer him, with strength impair'd, to fight :
Till force returns his ardour we restrain,
And curb his warlike wish to cross the main. 110

Now past the danger, let the learn'd begin
Th' inquiry, where disease could enter in ?
How those malignant atoms forc'd their way ? [prey ?
What in the faultless frame they found to make their
Where ev'ry element was weigh'd so well, 115 }
That Heav'n alone, who mix'd the mass, could tell }
Which of the four ingredients could rebel ;
And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,
A soul might well be pleas'd to pass an age.

And yet the fine materials made it weak ; 120
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break :
E'en to your breast the sickness durst aspire,
And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire, }
Prophanely set the holy place on fire. }

In vain your lord, like young Vespasian, mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the sanctuary burn'd : 125
And I prepar'd to pay in verses rude,
A most detested act of gratitude ;
E'en this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow. 130

Your angel, sure, our Morley's mind inspir'd,
To find the remedy your ill requir'd ;

To save the charges of another you.
Or by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good ap-
Well worth a miracle to keep you here
And for that end preserv'd the precious
Which all the future Ormonds was to be
And meditated, in his better mind,
An heir from you who may redeem the

Bless'd be the pow'r which has at once
The hopes of lost succession to your loss
Joy to the first and last of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and what I long'd to see
To you the Graces, and the Muse to me

O daughter of the Rose! whose cheek
The diff'ring titles of the Red and White
Who heav'n's alternate beauty well dis-
play

...of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love :
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a son,
To fill, in future times, his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

Volume III.

H

As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolomee :
Or Heav'n, which had such over-cost bestow'd,
As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
So lik'd the frame, he would not work anew,
To save the charges of another you.
Or by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good appear, 140
Well worth a miracle to keep you here ?
And for that end preserv'd the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold ;
And meditated, in his better mind,
An heir from you who may redeem the failing ki
Bless'd be the pow'r which has at once restor'd
The hopes of lost succession to your lord !
Joy to the first and last of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and what I long'd to see,
To you the Graces, and the Muse to me ! 150

O daughter of the Rose ! whose cheeks unite
The diff'ring titles of the Red and White ;
Who heav'n's alternate beauty well display,
The blush of Morning and the Milky way ;
Whose face is paradise, but fenc'd from sin, 1

Such works, of old, imperial dames were taught ;
Such for Ascanius fair Eliza wrought.

The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love :
All other parts of pious duty done, 165
You owe your Ormond nothing but a son,
To fill, in future times, his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race. 168

We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,
 With our small stock to humble roofs retire; 15 }
 Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
 For fame and honour we no longer strive,
 We yield in both, and only beg to live:
 Unable to support their vast expense,
 Who build and treat with such magnificence, 20
 That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
 They give the law to our provincial stage.
 Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
 While they impose their splendour on the less:
 But only fools, and they of vast estate, 25 }
 Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
 The dangling knee-fringe and the bib-cravat. }
 Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
 We in our plainness may be justly proud:
 Our Royal Master will'd it should be so; 30
 Whate'er he's pleas'd to own can need no show:
 That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
 And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise, 34
 To build a playhouse while you throw down plays;
 While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,

More tamely than your fathers you submit ;
 You're now grown vassals to 'em in your wit.
 Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance
 The mighty merits of their men of France. 45
 Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence,
 Well please yourselves ; but sure 'tis understood
 That French machines have ne'er done England good.
 I would not prophesy our House's fate ;
 But while vain shows and scenes you over-rate, 50
 'Tis to be fear'd——
 That as a fire the former House o'erthrew,
 Machines and tempests will destroy the New. 53

III.

PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford, 1674. Spoken by
 Mr. HART.

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assign'd
 T' unbend and to divert the sov'reign's mind :
 When, tir'd with following Nature, you think fit
 To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit,
 And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey 5
 What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way ;
 Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
 You view the various turns of human life ;
 Safe in our scene, thro' dang'rous courts you go,
 And undebauch'd the vice of cities know. 10

Your theories are here to print
As in mechanic operations
And man, the little world,
As once the sphere of crystal
Bless'd, sure, are you above
If to your fortunes you can
Content to see, and shun the
And crimes on theatres alone
With joy we bring what our
And beg from you the value
That Shakespeare's, Fletcher's
May be renew'd from those
None of our living poets dare
For Muses so severe are wont
That, conscious of their fault
And, as profane, from sacred
Rather than see th' offended
We bring no imperfections
Such faults as made are by time
And you have been so kind,
The greatest judges still can
Poets must stoop when they
Debas'd ev'n to the level of
Disdaining that which yet they
Hating themselves what their
But when to praise from you
Tho' they like eagles mount

So far your knowledge all their pow'r transcends,
As what should be beyond what is extends. 39

IV.

PROLOGUE to CIRCE. By Dr. DAVENANT, 1675.

WERE you but half so wise as you're severe,
Our youthful poet should not need to fear;
To his green years your censures you would suit,
Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit.

The sex that best does pleasure understand, 5
Will always chuse to err on th' other hand:

They check not him that's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him right.

Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day. 10

Your Ben. and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
Did no Volpone nor no Arbaces write;

But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,

And each was guilty of some slighted maid. 15

PROLOGUES.

Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is
 But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
 Then damn not, but indulge, his rude essay
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise
 That he may get more bulk before he dies
 He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
 Perhaps, if now your grace you will not part
 He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

V.

PROLOGUES TO CAESAR BORGIA. *By Mr. N.*

Th' unhappy man who once has trail'd
 Lives not to please himself but other men
 Is always drudging, wastes his life and
 Yet only eats and drinks what you think
 What praise soe'er the poetry deserve,
 Yet ev'ry fool can bid the poet starve
 That fumbling lecher to revenge is bent
 Because he thinks himself or whose
 Name but a cuckold, all the City
 From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in
 Were there no fear of Antichrist or
 In the bless'd time poor poets live
 Either you come not here, or as yet
 Some old acquaintance, drop into
 Careless and qualmish, with a y

'er wit, and, by my troth, you may;
 or talents lie another way.

hear of some prodigious tale,
 at toll'd alone, or Irish whale.
 or food, and you enough provide, 20
 ourselves and all the world beside.

there is of vast resort,
 lom of Requests was call'd the Court,
 e great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
 hum and buz from noon till night : 25
 nd down you run, as for a race,
 nan wears three nations in his face;

look, tho' claret you retrench,
 'd with bottled ale, you huff the French :
 or entertainment still is fed 30

in your own dull island bred.

u return to us, we dare engage
 ou better rogues upon the stage.

no poison but plain ratsbane here ;
 ore refin'd and better bred elsewhere. 35

a civil way in Italy,
 ng a perfume, to make you die ;
 ould make you lay your snuff-box by. }
 a trade so known and practis'd there,
 nfallible as is the Chair : 40

their feast, you shall behold such pranks ;
 says grace, but 'tis the Devil gives thanks.

Who still looks lean, sure with some pox
 But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
 Then damn not, but indulge, his rude eas
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with pr
 That he may get more bulk before he die
 He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
 Perhaps, if now your grace you will not
 He may grow up to write, and you to jud

V.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA. *By Mr. N.*

Th' unhappy man who once has trail'd a
 Lives not to please himself but other men
 Is always drudging, wastes his life and bi
 Yet only eats and drinks what you think
 What praise soe'er the poetry deserve,
 Yet ev'ry fool can bid the poet starve.
 That fumbling lecher to revenge is bent,
 Because he thinks himself or whore is me
 Name but a cuckold, all the City swarms
 From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms.
 Were there no fear of Antichrist or Franc
 In the bless'd time poor poets live by ch
 Either you come not here, or as you pro

You sleep o'er wit, and, by my troth, you may;
Most of your talents lie another way.

You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.

News is your food, and you enough provide, 20
Both for yourselves and all the world beside.

One theatre there is of vast resort,

Which whilom of Requests was call'd the Court,

But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,

And full of hum and buz from noon till night: 25

Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,

And each man wears three nations in his face;

So big you look, tho' claret you retrench,

That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French:

But all your entertainment still is fed 30

By villains in your own dull island bred.

Would you return to us, we dare engage

To shew you better rogues upon the stage.

You know no poison but plain ratsbane here;

Death's more refin'd and better bred elsewhere. 35

They have a civil way in Italy,

By smelling a perfume, to make you die;

A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by.

Murder's a trade so known and practis'd there,

That 'tis infallible as is the Chair: 40

But, mark their feast, you shall behold such pranks;

The Pope says grace, but 'tis the Devil gives thanks.

Such censures our mistaking audience make,
 That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.
 They talk of fevers that infect the brains :
 But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
 Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress,
 Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest ;
 Therefore thin nourishment of Farce ye chuse,
 Deductions of a barley-water Muse ;
 A meal of Tragedy would make you sick,
 Unless it were a very tender chick :
 Some scenes in sippets would be worth your time ;
 Those would go down ; some love that's poach'd in
 If these should fail—— [rhyme
 We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
 Keep holy-day, like watermen in frost,
 While you turn players on the world's great stage,
 And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

VIII.

PROLOGUE to the *University of Oxford*, 1681.

THE fam'd Italian Muse, whose rhymes advance
 Orlando and the Paladins of France,
 Records that, when our wit and sense is flown,
 'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon
 In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd,
 Set to his own, cou'd up, and over-pastor'd

Whate'er the story be the moral's true ;
 The wit we lost in Town we find in you.
 Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
 And fill their windy heads with sober sense. 10
 When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
 Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
 Her busy senates, to th' old cause inclin'd,
 May sniff the votes their fellows left behind : 14
 Yourcountryneighbours,when their grain grows dear,
 May come, and find their last provision here;
 Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
 Who neither carried back nor brought one cross.
 We look'd what Representatives would bring,
 But they help'd us just as they did the King. 20
 Yet we despair not: for we now lay forth
 The Sibyl's books to those who know their worth,
 And tho' the first was sacrific'd before,
 These volumes doubly will the price restore.
 Our poet bade us hope this grace to find, 25
 To whom by long prescription you are kind.
 He whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
 Has never spar'd the vices of the age.
 Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
 Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise. 30

IX.

PROLOGUE to his ROYAL HIGHNESS upon his first appearance at the Duke's Theatre, after his return from Scotland, 1682.

IN those cold regions which no summers cheer,
 Where brooding Darkness covers half the year,
 To hollow caves the shiv'ring natives go,
 Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow;
 But when the tedious twilight wears away,
 And stars grow paler at th' approach of day,
 The longing crowds to frozen mountains run,
 Happy who first can see the glimm'ring sun
 The surly savage offspring disappear,
 And curse the bright successor of the year. 10
 Yet too rough bears in covert seek defence,
 White foxes stay with seeming innocence: }
 That crafty kind with day-light can dispense. }
 Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's race,
 That loyal subjects scarce can find a place. 15
 Thus modest Truth is cast behind the crowd;
 Truth speaks too low, Hypocrisy too loud.
 Let 'em be first to flatter in success;
 Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press.
 Once, when true zeal the sons of god did call, 20
 To make their solemn shew at Heav'n's Whitehall,
 The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,
 And made as good a courtier as the best.

The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
 Came cap in hand when he had three times more :
 Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true; 26
 Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue.
 A tyrant's pow'r in rigour is exprest ;
 The father yearns in the true prince's breast,
 We grant an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend ; 30
 But most are babes that know not they offend.
 The crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd,
 Are clouds that tack according to the wind.
 Driv'n by their chiefs, they storms of hailstones pour,
 Then mourn, and soften to a silent show'r. 35
 O welcome to this much-offending land,
 The Prince that brings forgiveness in his hand !
 Thus angels on glad messages appear ;
 Their first salute commands us not to fear ;
 Thus Heav'n, that could constrain us to obey, 40
 (With rev'rence if we might presume to say)
 Seems to relax the rights of sov'reign sway ;
 Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
 And makes us happy by our own free-will. 44

X.

PROLOGUE to THE EARL OF ESSEX. *By Mr. J. BANKS,*
 1682. *Spoken to the King and the Queen, at their coming*
to the House.

WHEN first the ark was landed on the shore,
 And Heav'n had vow'd to curse the ground no more

When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
 And the new scene of earth began to draw,
 The dove was sent to view the waves' decrease. 5
 And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.
 'Tis needless to apply, when those appear
 Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
 We have before our eyes the Royal dove,
 Still innocent as harbinger to Love : 10
 The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
 And people with a better race the plain.
 Tell me, ye pow'rs ! why should vain man pursue,
 With endless toil, each object that is new,
 And for the seeming substance leave the true ? 15
 Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
 And loath the manna of his daily food ?
 Must England still the scene of changes be,
 Toss'd, and tempestuous, like our ambient sea ?
 Must still our weather and our wills agree ? 20
 Without our blood our liberties we have :
 Who that is free would fight to be a slave ?
 Or, what can wars to after-times assure,
 Of which our present age is not secure ?
 All that our Monarch would for us ordain, 25
 Is but t' enjoy the blessings of his reign.
 Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
 While we preserve our state of innocence :
 That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,
 And first their lord, and then themselves, destroy. 30

Civil broils have cost we know too well;
 't it be enough that once we fell,
 'ry heart conspire, and ev'ry tongue,
 have such a King, and this King long. 34

XI.

*DUE TO THE LOYAL BROTHER: or, THE PRINCE.
 By Mr. SOUTHERN, 1682.*

like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage,
 tics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
 ow they jump: critics would regulate
 stres, and Whigs reform our state: }
 pretend love, and both (plague rot 'em!) hate. }
 tic humbly seems advice to bring, 6
 vning Whig petitions, to the King:
 's advice into a satire slides;
 er's petition a remonstrance hides.
 ill no taxes give, and those no pence; 10
 would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
 ic all our troops of friends discards;
 he Whig would feign pull down the Guards.
 are illegal, that drive foes away,
 hful shepherds that fright beasts of prey.
 who disband such needless aids as these, 16
 —as long as e'er their subjects please,
 ; would be till next Queen Beas's night,
 hus grave penny chroniclers indite.

Sir Edmond Bury first, in woeful wise,
Leads up the show, and milks their mandlin eyes
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart ;
Who to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And with a civil congè does retire.
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall,
There's Antichrist behind to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years,
Whose age in vain our mercy would implore,
For few take pity on an old cast whore.
The dev'l, who brought him to the shame, takes part,
And cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart,
Takes thief and parson in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is giv'n, and, with a loud huzza,
The wretched puppet from his chair they draw :
For the plain corpse contending nations fall :
And what's one poor Pope among 'em all !
He burns ; now all true hearts your triumphs ring
And next (for fashion) cry, God save the King.
A fearful cry in midst of such alarms,
When forty thousand men are up in arms.

His best friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the safer for this pray'r.

Five praying saints are by an act show'd,

50

But not the whole church-militant in crowd.

Yet, should Heav'n all the true petitions drain
Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain?

Of forty thousand five would scarce remain.

54

XII.

PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford. Spoken by Mr.
HART, at the acting of THE SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.

Here, too, are annual rites to Pallas done,

And here poetic prizes lost or won.

Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit,

6

And strike a sacred horror from the pit.

A day of doom is this, of your decree,

Where ev'n the best are but by mercy free; [to sec.

A day which none but Johnson durst have wish'd }

Here they, who long have known the useful stage, 10

Come to be taught themselves, to teach the age.

As your commissioners, our poets go

To cultivate the virtue which you sow;

In your Lycæum first themselves refin'd,

And delegated thence to human kind,

15

But as ambassadors, when long from home,
For new instructions to their princes come ;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught
Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown, 20
But by your manners they correct their own.
Th' illit'rate writer, emp'ric like, applies
To minds diseas'd unsafe chance remedies :
The learn'd in schools, where knowledge first began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man ; 25
Sees virtue, vice, and passions, in their cause,
And fame from science, not from fortune, draws.
So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade:
There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen 30
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way ;
So many huddled atoms make a play ;
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that Nature which is Ignorance. 35
To such a fame let mere Town-wits aspire,
And their gay nonsense their own Cits admire.
Our Poet, could he find forgiveness here,

age make their poets whom themselves think fit,
'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit. 46

XIII.

Prologue to the Unlucky of Oxford.

scorn and plots, which have undone our age,
th the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the stage.
r House has suffer'd in the common wee,
r have been troubled with Scotch rebels too. 4
r brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
d of our sisters all the kinder-hearted,
Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted. }
th Bonny Bluecap there they act all night
Scotch half-crown, in English Threepence hight.
e nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's lean, 10
ere with her single person fills the scene.
other, with long use and age decay'd,
'd here old woman, and rose there a maid.
r trusty door-keepers of former time,
ere strut and swagger in heroic rhyme. 15
ck but a copper lace to druggit suit,
d there's a hero made without dispute
d that which was a capon's tail before,
omes a plume for Indian emperor.
: all his subjects, to express the care 20
imitation, go, like Indians, bare :

PROLOGUES.

would be a dang'rous thing ;
 , a new rebellion bring ;
 re it would be chosen king.
 these renegades describe,
 lves have seen a lewder tribe ?
 ere, and to this learned pit,
 slander'd English wit ;
 such barb'rous Macs appear,
 nd massacre ;
 , were branded with disgrace,
 untry stamp'd upon their face.
 rst presume to pick your purse,
 ght our broken troop not worse.
 r action may deserve,
 where Wit can never starve.

XIV.

BE to the University of Oxford

Mark if the fools or men of sense rejoice;

Whether th' applause be only sound or voice. 10

When our fop-gallants or our City-folly,

Clap over loud, it maketh us melancholy :

We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,

And for their ignorance condemn their praise.

Judge then if we who act, and they who write, 15

Should not be proud of giving you delight.

London likes grossly; but this nicer pit

Examines, fathoms, all the depths of wit,

The ready finger lays on ev'ry blot,

Knows what should justly please, and what should not;

Nature herself lies open to your view. 21

You judge by her what draught of her is true,

Where outlines false, and colours seem too faint,

Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.

But by the sacred Genius of this place, 25

By ev'ry Muse, by each domestic Grace,

Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,

And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.

Our poet's thither for adoption come,

As nations su'd to be made free of Rome; 30

Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,

But in your utmost, last, provincial band.

If his ambition may those hopes pursue,

Who, with religion, loves your arts and you,

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be

35

Than his own mother-university.

They caterwaul, and make
Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne
Thus while for paltry punk they roar a
They make it bawdier than a Convent

XVI.

PROLOGUE *to the King and Queen, upon
two companies in 1686.*

SINCE Faction ebbs, and rogues grow
Their penny scribes take care t' in
How well men thrive in this or th

How Pennsylvania's air agrees v
And Carolina's with Association
Both e'en too good for madmen

1896080808.

And ev'ry age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two New England's

What's this you'll say, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much that we have left our station,
And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The factious natives never could agree,
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those playhouse Whigs act up for property.

Some say they no obedience paid of late,
But would new fears and jealousies create,
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling, 19
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and
For seldom comes there better of rebelling. [quelling;

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
For lawless pow'r, sometimes they catch a Tartar;
There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this call'd
Charter.

but since the victory with us remains,
you shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains,
you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage;
He chuses Athens in his riper age.

XV.

PROLOGUE to THE DISAPPOINTMENT: OR, THE
THEATRE IN FASHION. *By Mr. SOUTHERN, 1681*
Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

How comes it, Gentlemen, that now-a-days,
When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you still with want of sense,
All prologues treat you at your own expense?
Sharp citizens a wiser way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you so:
They, in good manners, seldom make a slip,
But treat a common whore with Ladyship:
But here each saucy wit at random writes,
And uses ladies as he uses knights.
Our Author, young, and grateful in his nature,
Vows that from him no nymph deserves a satire;
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme,
Against the sweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker

set, we presume, in such a case,
 chose, because he lik'd the face,
 hey supply'd your mother's place.
 she was you mother's ancient maid;
 some former slip she ne'er betray'd;
 both, for milk and sugar-candy,
 ng bottles were well stor'd with brandy.
 , to initiate your discourse,
 ive taught you first to swear and curse,
 vented by each careful nurse :
 ; Dad and Mam, as names too common,
 t you certain parts of man and woman.
 schools; for there when first you came,
 be sure to learn the Latin name.
 you scorn'd the art of thinking,
 all moods and figures of good drinking;
 ne to Town, you practise play, to know
 s of the high dice and the low.
 s himself a sharper most profound;
 oy pence, is cheated by the pound.
 : perfections, and what else he gleans,
 sets up for love behind our scenes,
 suit of princesses and queens.
 hey know their man, with cunning carriage,
 one but it concludes in marriage.
 me homely room, Love's fruits to gather,
 t-high, rebels against his father;
 e dead——

Brings her in triumph, with her portion down,
 A toilette, dressing-box, and half-a crown. 39
 Some marry first, and then they fall to scouring,
 Which is refining marriage into whoring.
 Our women batten well on their good nature,
 All they can rap and rend for the dear creature;
 But while abroad so liberal the dolt is, 53
 Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
 Last, some there are who take their first degrees
 Of lewdness in our middle galleries:
 The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
 Invade and grubble one another's punk: 61
 They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout,
 Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out:
 Thus while for paltry punk they roar and stickle,
 They make it bawdier than a Conventicle. 64

XVI.

*PROLOGUE to the King and Queen, upon the union of the
 two companies in 1686.*

SINCE Faction ebbs, and rogues grow out offashion,
 Their penny scribes take care t' inform the nation

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And ev'ry age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two New England's more.

What's this you'll say, to us and our vocation? 10
Only thus much that we have left our station,
And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The factious natives never could agree,
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those playhouse Whigs set up for property. 15

Some say they no obedience paid of late,
But would new fears and jealousies create,
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling, 19
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and
For seldom comes there better of rebelling. [quelling;

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
For lawless pow'r, sometimes they catch a Tartar;
There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this call'd
Charter.

But since the victory with us remains, 25
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains,
If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good *old plays* to do
 And you, fair ladies and gallants! that sit
 We'll treat with good new *plays*, if our new
 write 'em.

We'll take no blund'ring verse, no fustian
 No dribbling love from this or that perfect
 No dull fat fool shamm'd on the stage for

For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have
 As none but fools or faries ever play'd;
 But 'twas, as shopmen say, to force a trade

We've giv'n you tragedies all sense defy
 And singing-men in woeful metre dying
 Thus 'tis when heavy lubbers will be fly

All these disasters we will hope to weather
 We bring you none of our old lumber here
 Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang

XVII.

PROLOGUE TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVELAND
 W. LEE, 1689.

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to
 I long to whisper something in your ear

A secret which does much my mind perplex ;
 There's treason in the play against our sex ;
 A man that's false to love, that vows and cheats, 5
 And kisses every living thing he meets ;
 A rogue in mode (I dare not speak too broad)
 One that does something to the very bawd.
 Out on him, traitor ! for a filthy beast ;
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest : 10
 None of 'em stick at mark ; they all deceive ;
 Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe ;
 Their Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve. }
 To hide their faults, they rap their oaths and tear :
 Now, tho' we lie, we're too well bred to swear. 15
 So we compound for half the sin we owe,
 But men are dipt for soul and body too :
 And when found out excuse themselves, pox cant 'em,
 With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet amantūm*.
 I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
 But I suspect 'tis Latin for a rogue. 20
 I'm sure I never heard that screech-owl hollow'd
 In my poor ears but separation follow'd.
 How can such perjur'd villains e'er be saved :
 Achithophel's not half so false to David. 25
 With vows and soft expressions to allure,
 They stand, like foreman of a shop, demure :
 Sooner out of sight but they are gadding,
 And face ride out a paddling.

K 3

Yet, by their favour, when they have been kissing,³⁰
 We can perceive the ready money missing.
 Well; we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en wink;
 Something we find, and something they will sink.
 But since they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts
 To trump their di'monds as they trump our hearts.³⁵

XVIII.

PROLOGUE *to* THE WIDOW RANTER. *By Mrs. BEHN,*
 1690.

HEAV'N save ye, Gallants! and this hopeful age,
 You're welcome to the downfall of the stage:
 The fools have labour'd long in their vocation,
 And vice (the manufacture of the nation)
 O'erstocks the Town so much, and thrives so well,⁵
 That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
 In vain our wares on theatres are shown,
 When each has a plantation of his own.
 His cause ne'er fails, for whatsoe'er he spends,
 There's still God's plenty for himself and friends,¹⁰
 Should men be rated by poetic rules,
 Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!

was when none would cry, That oaf was me,
 w you strive about your pedigree.
 and cap no sooner are thrown down,
 ere's a muss of more than half the Town. 20
 ne will challenge a child's part at least :
 the family is well increas'd.
 eign cattle there's no longer need,
 we're supply'd so fast with English breed.
 flourish, Countrymen ! drink, swear, and roar,
 'ry free-born subject keep his whore, 26
 wand'ring in the wilderness about,
 d of forty years not wear her out.
 hen you see these pictures, let none dare
 n beyond a limb or single share ;
 here the punk is common, he's a sot
 needs will father what the parish got. 32

XIX.

DUE to ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA. *Revised*
 ODOWIC CARLELL, *Esq. Spoken by Mr. HART.*

H sickly actors, and an old house too.
 : match'd with glorious theatres and new ;
 with our alehouse scenes, and clothes bare-worn,
 either raise old plays nor new adorn.
 these ills could not undo us quite, 5
 k French troop is grown your dear delight.

Who with broad bloody bills call you each da
 To laugh, and break your buttons at their play
 Or see some serious picce, which we presume
 Is fall'n from some incomparable plume ;
 And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us grace,
 Send lackeys early to preserve your place.
 We dare not on your privilege intrench,
 Or ask you why you like 'em ; they are French
 Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,
 Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding
 Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest,
 To make it seem they understood the jest.
 Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay ;
 To teach us English where to clap the play.
 Civil, i'gad ! our hospitable land
 Bears all the charge for them to understand ;
 Mean-time we languish, and neglected lie,
 Live wives, while you keep better company
 And wish for your own sakes, without a p
 You'd less good breeding, or had more gr

XX.

PROLOGUE *to* THE PROPHETESS. /
and FLETCHER. *Revived by* Mr. DR
 Mr. BETTERTON.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his

PROLOGUES.

A play which, like a perspective set right,
 Presents our vast expenses close to sight;
 But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
 Our distant gains, and those uncertain too;
 A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
 And all like you, in hopes of better days.
 When will our losses warn us to be wise?
 Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.
 Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
 Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
 We raise new objects to provoke delight,
 But you grow sated ere the second sight.
 False men! e'en so you serve your mistresses;
 They rise three stories in their tow'ring dress,
 And, after all, you love not long enough,
 To pay the rigging ere you leave 'em off:
 Never content with what you had before,
 But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er.
 Now honour calls you hence, and all your care
 Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
 A plume and scarf, jack boots, and Bilbo blade,
 Your silver goes that should support our trade.
 O, unkind heroes! leave our stage to mourn,
 All rich from vanquish'd rebels you return,
 And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
 Firkin butter and his usquebaugh.
 Conquerors of your male and female foes,
 And without hearts, and women without hose.

113

5

12

15

20

25

30

Quite to put us on

Then shall the pious Muses pay thee
And furnish all their laurels for you
Their tuneful voice shall raise for you
We want not poets fit to sing your
But you, bright Beauties! for whose
Those doughty knights such danger
When they with happy gales are gone
With your propitious presence grace
And with a sigh their empty seat
Then think on that bare bench where
I see him ogle still, and hear him
Selling facetious bargains, and peddling
That witty recreation, call'd Duelling
Their loss with patience we will
And would do more to see you
That our dead stage, reviv'd by you

may rise

come on without a frontispiece: as bald as one of you young beaux without your periwig. I left our young poet snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

ENTER MR. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience : here is honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose-tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or something like one, O, here he comes to his trial at all adventures. For my part, I wish him a good deliverance.

[Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.]

ENTER MR. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, Sirs, save ye ! I am in a hopeful way, }
I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for the }
play ; }
But the deuce take me if I know what to say. }
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye, }
To the last drop of claret in my belly. } 5
So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting,
And if my verses' feet stumble—you see my own are
wanting.

Our young poet has brought a piece of work
In which, tho' much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as
Cork.

But for this—play (which till I have done we sh^o
 What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I kno^w
 This I dare swear, no malice here is writ;
 'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.
 It's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets;
 His squibbs are only levell'd at your pockets:
 And if his crackers light among your pelf,
 You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up hi^m
 By this time I'm something recover'd of my fl^y
 And now a word or two in sober sadness. [maⁿ
 Our's is a common play; and you pay down
 A common harlot's price—just half-a-crown.
 You'll say I play the pimp on my friend's sco^o
 But since 'tis for a friend your gibes give o'er,
 For many a mother has done that before.
 How's this you cry? an actor write?—**we know**
 But Shakspeare was an actor and a poet.
 Has not great Johnson's learning often fail'd?
 But Shakspeare's greater genius still prevail'd.
 Have not some writing actors, in this age,
 Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?
 To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
 Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
 Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer
 Food and the butt is all our bus'ness here—
 So much for that,—and the devil take small be

XXII.

A PROLOGUE.

HERE! a bashful poet bids me say,
 Ere to lose his maidenhead to-day.
 So fierce, for he's but green of age,
 Ere, till now, debauch'd upon the stage.
 In the suff'ring part of resolution, 5
 Comes with blushes to his execution.
 Before he'll deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the pit
 Will make some settlement upon his wit.
 He'll warn him well before the play begin,
 He would feign be cozen'd into sin. 10
 But that he knows you mean to fail;
 You leave him after being frail,
 Ere, at least, a fair pretence to rail; }
 You base, and swear you us'd him ill,
 You in the new Deserters' bill. 15
 What a troop of perjur'd men we see,
 Will fill another Mercury!
 The ladies may with patience brook;
 Ere not the first colours you forsook.
 He'd be loath the beauties to offend, 20
 He should, he's not too old to mend.
 A young plant, in his first year of bearing,
 His friend swears he will be worth the rearing.
 IIIA L

His gloss is still upon him; tho' tis true
 He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue. 35
 You think an apricot half green is best;
 There's sweet and sour, and one side good at least.
 Mangoes and limes, whose nourishment is little,
 Tho' not for food, are yet preserv'd for pickle.
 So this green writer may pretend, at least,
 To whet your stomachs for a better feast.
 He makes this difference in the sexes too,
 He sells to me, he gives himself to you.
 To both he would contribute some delight,
 A meer poetical hermaphrodite. 36
 Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and woo,
 With arms offensive and defensive too;
 "Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do, 38

XXIII.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

To say this comedy pleas'd long ago,
 Is not enough to make it pass you now;
 Yet, Gentlemen, your ancestors had wit,
 When few men censur'd, and when fewer writ:

as fashion'd, and, we may suppose,
 the fashion well who wore the clothes. 10
 made nobly his what he did mould;
 another's lead, becomes his gold:
 righteous conqueror he reigns,
 that well which he unjustly gains.
 our age such authors does afford, 15
 whole plays, and yet scarce write one word;
 his anarchy of wit rob all,
 's their plunder, their possession call;
 old padders, scorn by night to prey,
 by sunshine, in the face of day: 20
 be the common ceremony use
 Sir, Deliver up your Muse;
 k the poet down, and, with a grace,
 gasus before the owner's face.
 ou have such country Toms abroad, 25
 for all true men to leave that road:
 re modest could it not be said
 p the living, but these rob the dead,
 the mummies of the Muses play,
 e love to them the Egyptian way; 30
 hyming author would have said,
 lead living to the living dead.
 in poetry may claim some part,
 e the license, tho' they want the art;
 it, where theft is prais'd, for laureats stand,
 of the head, but of the hand: 35

They make the benefits of other's studying,
 Much like the meals of politic Jack-pudding,
 Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage!
 'Tis all his own when once h' has spit i' th' porridge.
 But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
 You are in fault for what they do amiss;
 For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,
 And durst not steal, unless you pleas'd to wink.
 Perhaps you may award, by your decree,
 They should refund: but that can never be;
 For should you letters of reprisal seal,
 These men write that which no men else would dare.

XXIV.

PROLOGUE TO THE PILGRIM. By BEAUMONT
 FLETCHER. *Revised for our Author's benefit,*
 1700.

How wretched is the fate of those who write!
 Brought muzzled to the stage for fear they bite!
 Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common foe,
 Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
 Yet worse, their brother poets damn the play,
 And roar the loudest, tho' they never pay.
 The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
 At ev'ry lewd low character—That's I.
 He who writes letters to himself would swear
 The world forgot him if he was not there.

What should a poet do? 'tis hard for one
 to pleasure all the fools that would be shown,
 And yet not two in ten will pass the Town.
 Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
 More goes to make a fop than fops can find. 15
 Quack Marus, tho' he never took degrees
 At either of our Universities,
 Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
 Because he play'd the fool, and writ three books;
 But if he would be worth a poet's pen, 20
 He must be more a fool, and write again;
 For all the former fustian stuff he wrote,
 Was dead-born dogg'rel, or is quite forgot.
 His Man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew robe,
 Is just the proverb, and As poor as Job. 25
 One would have thought he could no longer jog;
 But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog:
 There tho' he crept, yet still he kept in sight,
 But here he founders in, and sinks downright.
 Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule, 30
 Job it had first been turn'd to ridicule;
 But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
 O'erleaps at once the whole Apochrypha;
 Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
 For any Vandal-Hopkins yet to come. 35
 But when, if, after all, this godly gear
 Is not so senseless as it would appear,

Our mountebank has led a deeper train,
 His crew, like Merry-Andrew's mobile vein,
 Can call the sects to draw them in again.
 At leisure hours in epic song he deals,
 Writes to the rumbling of his coaches' wheels
 Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule
 But rides triumphant between stool and stool.
 Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day
 To get himself a place in fact or play.
 We know not by what name we should arraign
 For us our category can contain him;
 A pedant, casting preacher, and a quack,
 Are loud enough to break one man's back :
 At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
 Should two kings, their kindness to requit
 One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the kn

XXV.

*Prologue for the Women, when they acted at
 Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

WERE none of you, Gallants ! e'er driven
 As when the poor kind soul was under gu
 And could not do't at home, in some by-
 To take a lodging, and in private meet ?
 Such is our case ; we can't appoint our

ther to this trusty nook remove ;
 worse the lodging is the more the love ,
 uch good pastime, many a dear sweet hug,
 'n in garrets on the humble rug. 10
 good accommodation in the pit ;
 rave demurely in the midst may sit,
 o the hot Burgundian on the side
 zard mask, and o'er the benches stride :
 re convenient upper-boxes, too, 15
 ose that make the most triumphant show,
 at keep coaches must not sit below. }
 , Gallants ! you betwixt the acts retire,
 it dull plays have something to admire ;
 who look up, can your addresses mark, 20
 ee the creatures coupled in the ark :
 expect the lovers, braves, and wits,
 andy house with scenes will serve for Cits, 23

Tho' what our prologue said was so
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely house is
A charm that seldom fails with wit
A country lip may have the velvet touch
Tho' she's no lady, you may think so
A strong imagination may do much
But you, loud Sirs, who thro' your
Critics in plume and white Vallancey
Who lolling on our foremost benches
And still charge first, the true forlor
Whose favours, like the sun, warm
Yet you, like him, have neither heat
So may your hats your foretops never
Untouch'd your ribbons, sacred be
So may you slowly to old age advance
And have th'excuse of youth for igno

As you come here to ruin vizard punk,
 When sober rail, and roar when you are drunk.
 But to the wits we can some merit plead, 25
 And urge what by themselves has oft' been said;
 Our House relieves the ladies from the frights
 Of ill-pay'd streets and long dark winter-nights;
 The Flanders horses from a cold bleak road,
 Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad; 30
 The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff
 Of rhyme, more nauseous than three boys in buff.
 Tho' in their house the poets' heads appear,
 We hope we may presume their wits are here. 34
 The best which they reserv'd they now will play:
 For, like kind cuckolds, tho' we've not the way }
 To please, we'll find you abler men who may. }
 If they should fail, for last recruits we breed }
 A troop of frisking *Monsieurs* to succeed; 39 }
 You know the French sure cards in time of need. }

II.

*EPILOGUE. Intended to have been spoken by the Lady
 HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH, when CALISTO was acted
 at Court.*

As Jupiter I made my court in vain,
 I'll now assume my native shape again.
 I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
 And would not be a god to be refus'd.

EPILOGUE. -

when it hinders love ;
 which the wise remove.
 need not sue, nor try
 lightning but the eye.
 more than a god command ;
 the force of these withstand.
 eign pow'r admits dispute ;
 is justly absolute.
 whatsoe'er they say,
 own, and dictate laws, obey.
 our bonds more easy make,
 at all must suffer take :
 the grave affect to wear,
 ise to be severe.
 some gallantry admit,
 s with the charms of wit.
 mphs with your cares you bough
 t of fighting nations brought.
 under from afar,
 e arbiter of war :
 nanna which hot brains despis
 e, and made it early prize,
 isure sit and see
 ore felicity ;
 ohs of your own godlike

THE END OF THE PLAY.

III.

EPILOGUE to THE MAN OF MODE: or, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER. By Sir GEORGE ETHERAGE, 1676.

Most modern wits such monstrousfools have shown,
They seem not of Heav'n's making, but their own.

Those nauseous Harlequins in farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial ass :

Something of man must be expos'd to view, 5

That, Gallants! they may more resemble you.

Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,

The ladies would mistake him for a wit;

And when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
I vow methinks he's pretty company; 10

So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd;

As he took pains to graff upon his kind.

True fops help Nature's work, and go to school,
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.

Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call; 15

He's knight o' th' shire, and represents ye all.

From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;

Legion's his name, a people in a man.

His bulky folly gathers as it goes,

And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball, grows. 20

His various modes from various fathers follow,

One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow.

His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd,
 And this, the yard-long snake, he twirls behind.
 From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,
 Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'
 Another's diving bow he did adore,
 Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
 Till he with full decorum brings it back,
 And rises with a water-spaniel shake.
 As for his songs, the ladies' dear delight,
 These, sure, he took from most of you who write
 Yet ev'ry man is safe from what he fear'd,
 For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

IV.

EPILOGUE to MITHRIDATES KING OF PONTUS.

Mr. N. LEE, 1678.

YOU'VE seen a pair of faithful lovers die ;
 And much you care ; for most of you will cry
 'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.
 For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in such an age,
 When no man dies for love but on the stage ;
 And e'en those martyrs are but rare in plays ;

man 'tis of subtle int'rest made:
 on the punk that made it first a trade!
 'st did Wit's prerogative remove,
 made a fool presume to prate of love. 15
 honour and preferment go for gold,
 glorious beauty is not to be sold;
 't be, 'tis at a rate so high,
 nothing but adoring it should buy.
 The rich cullies may their boasting spare; 20
 purchase but sophisticated ware.
 Modality that buys deceit,
 's both the giver and the taker cheat.
 'ut refine on the old half-crown way,
 women fight, like Swissers, for their pay. 25

V.

GIVE to a *Tragedy* called TAMERLANE. By Mr.
 ANDERS.

's, the beardless author of this day,
 sends to you the fortune of his play:
 man-wit has often grac'd the stage,
 's the first boy poet of our age.
 's is the year his fancies blow, 5
 young Narcissus peeping thro' the snow.
 owley blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd long;
 as forward, and may prove as strong.

c. III.

M

Should Hag and Greybeard make su
Faith you'd e'en trust e'm to them
And cry, Let's go, here's nothing
Since love's our bus'ness, as 'tis yo
The young, who best can practise,
What tho' he be not come to his fi
He's mending and improving ev'r
You sly she-jockies of the box and
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken
By management he may in time be
But there's no hopes of an old batt
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a
And always fails you at the second

VI.

An EPILOGUE, for the King

EPILOGUES.

ot courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
 f the three last un giving Parliaments :
 , wretched, that if Pharaoh could divine,
 e might have spar'd his dream of seven lean k.
 nd chang'd his vision for the Muses Nine.
 he comet that, they say, portends a dearth,
 /as but a vapour drawn from playhouse earth,
 ent there since our last fire, and, Lilly says,
 oreshows our change of state, and thin-third d
 [is not our want of wit that keeps us poor,
 or then the printer's press would suffer more.
 heir pamphleteers each day their venom spit ;
 hey thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.
 onfess the truth, which of you has not laid :
 our farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid ?
 r, which is duller yet, and more would spite us,
 emocritus his Wars with Heraclitus?
 h are the authors who have run us down,
 d exercis'd you critics of the Town. 25
 : these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes ;
 abuse yourselves more dully than the times.
 dal, the glory of the English Nation,
 orn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion.
 harmless thrusts as if, like fencers wise, 30
 had agreed their play before their prize.
 hey may hang their harps upon the willows
 at like children when they box with pillows

Then put an end to Civil wars for shame;
Let each knight-errant who has wrong'd a
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can
The satisfaction of a gentleman.

VII.

EPILOGUE *to* THE LOYAL BROTHER: *or*,
PERSIAN PRINCE, 1682.

A VIRGIN poet was serv'd up to-day,
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy,
But, like a girl, whom sev'ral would enjoy,
Begg'd leave to make the best of his own nat'ra
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The Kings House would instruct me by the
There's loyalty to one: I wish no more;
A commonwealth sounds like a common wh
Let husband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory still.
If any factious spirit should rebel,
Our sex, with ease, can ev'ry rising quell.
Then, as you hope we should your failings

[illegible]

Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from th' infected Town.
Heav'n for our sins this summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the plagues of wit:
A French troop first swept all things in its way
But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay
Yet, to our cost, in that short time we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
Th' Italian Merry Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace
Instead of wit and humours, your delight
Was there to see two hobby horses fight:
Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at Centaur Arlequin.
For love you heard how am'rous asses bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their serenade.
Nature was out of count'nance, and each day
Some new-born monster shewn you for a play
But when all fail'd to strike the stage quite dumb
Those wicked engines call'd Machines are come
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd
And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art-magic is for poetry profest;
And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast,
To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our English stage are worshipp'd now.

etcher's despis'd, your Johnson's out of fashion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.

In this low ebb our wares to you are shown ;

By you those staple author's worth is known ;

For wit's a manufacture of your own. 35

When you, who only can their scenes have prais'd,

We'll boldly back, and say their price is rais'd. 37

IX.

EPILOGUE. *Spoken at Oxford. By Mrs. MARSHALL.*

OFF' has our poet wish'd this happy seat

Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat:

I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find

He sought for quiet and content of mind,

Which noiseful towns and courts can never know, 5

And only in the shades, like laurels, grow.

Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,

And Age returning thence concludes it best.

What wonder if we court that happiness

Yearly to share which hourly you possess, 10

Teaching e'en you, while the vext world we show

Your peace to value more and better know ?

'Tis all we can return for favours past,

Whose holy memory shall ever last ;

For patronage from him whose care presides 15

O'er ev'ry noble art, and ev'ry science guides ;

Bathurst! a name the learn'd with rev'rence k
And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe :
Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd
To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.
His learning and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians! are deriv'd to you :
Such ancient hospitality their rests
In your's, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
Whose kindness was religion to their guests.
Such modesty did to our sex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here :
Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown,
As might Apollo with the Muses own.
Till our return we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

X.

EPILOGUE to CONSTANTINE THE GREAT. 1

Mr. N. LEE, 1684.

OUR hero's happy in the play's conclusion ;

of Constantine was full of glory,
 Trimmer turn'd addressing Tory.
 v'd him in herds as they were mad :
 se was king, then all the world was glad.
 t the places they possess'd before, 11
 were in a way of getting more ;
 s as much as saying, Gentlemen,
 'r and money to be rogues agen.
 re were a sort of peaking tools, 15
 hem modest, but I call them fools,
 more loyal, tho' not half so loud ;
 poor devils were cast behind the crowd :
 naves thrive without one grain of sense,
 nen starve for want of impudence. 20
 l these there were a sort of wights,
 y author calls them Tekelites)
 y rogues against the king and laws,
 ur'd e'en a foreign rebel's cause : [aw'd,
 r own damn'd design was quash'd and
 ey gave it their good word abroad : 26
 a man who, for a quiet life,
 his bastard not to noise his wife.
 their darling plot these trimmers cry,
 h they cannot keep it in their eye, 30 }
 it 'prentice to Count Tekely.
 ve not the last plot ; may I be curst
 : they e'er believ'd the first.

EPILOGUES.

I wonder their own plot no plot they think,
 The man that makes it never smells the stink, 35
 And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
 Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so well.
 The orig'nal Trimmer, tho' a friend to no man,
 Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;
 He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever 40
 Kind black-ey'd rogues for ev'ry true believer;
 And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,
 One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths lasted:
 To turn for this may surely be forgiv'n;
 Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a heav'n? 45

XI.

*EPILOGUE to the King and Queen, upon the union of
 two companies, 1686.*

NEW ministers, when first they get in place,
 Must have a care to please; and that's our case.
 Some laws for public welfare we design,
 If you, the pow'r supreme, will please to join.
 There are a sort of prattlers in the pit,
 Who either have or who pretend to wit.
 These noisy Sirs so loud their parts rehearse,
 That oft the play is silenc'd by the farce.
 Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
 He thought my lady's eldest son.

But stay ; methinks some vizard mask I see
 Cast out her lure from the mid gallery ;
 About her all the flutt'ring sparks are rang'd,
 The noise continues tho' the scene is chang'd :
 Low growling, sputt'ring, wawling, such a clutter,
 'Tis just like puss defendant in a gutter. 16
 Fine love, no doubt ! But ere two days are o'er ye,
 The surgeon will be told a woeful story.
 Let Vizard Mask her naked face expose,
 In pain of being thought to want a nose. 20
 Then for your lackeys, and your train beside,
 By whate'er name or title dignify'd,
 They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs
 Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of Bears.
 They're grown a nuisance, beyond all disasters ; 25
 We've none so great but their unpaying masters.
 We beg you, Sirs, to beg your men, that they,
 Would please to give you leave to hear the play.
 Next in the playhouse spare your precious lives ;
 Think, like good Christians, on your bairns and wives ;
 Think on your souls ; but by your lugging forth, 31
 It seems you know how little they are worth.
 If none of these will move the warlike mind,
 Think on the helpless whore you leave behind.
 We beg you, last, our scene-room to forbear, 36
 And leave our goods and chattels to our care.
 Alas ! our women are but washy toys,
 And wholly taken up in stage employs :

EPILOGUES.

willing tits they are ; but yet, I doubt,
double duty soon will wear them out.
you are watch'd besides with jealous care;
if my lady's page should find you there ?
ady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye ;
ssing your gilt shilling for a guinea.

Gentlemen, we have summ'd up, in short,
grievances from country, town, and court,
and humbly we submit to your good pleasure
to vote money, then redress at leisure.

XII.

OGUE to THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES, 168

ALM of conscience brings me back again,
like amends to you bespatter'd men.
omen love, like cats that hide their joys,
howling, squalling, and a hideous noise.
at wild young sparks ; but, without lying
was man worse thought on for high-flying.
odigal of love gives each her part,
quandring shows, at least a noble part,
ard of men who, in some lewd lampoon,
sir'd a friend to make their valour known.
accusation straight this question brings,
s the man that does such naughty things ?



h heroes in a play go far ; 15
 -practice is not like the bar.
 uch vile, such faint, petitions make,
 ive, because they fear to take,
 y's the virtue of our kind,
 : to our own sex confin'd : 20
 surp it from the female nation,
 rk of supererogation—
 t Princess in the play, 'tis true,
 r Cæsar more than all his due ;
 n faults ; but I should much abhor 25
 usband for my confessor.
 t fate follow'd the saint-like fool
 des from out the nuptial school.
 erry comedy had prov'd,
 'ess'd so much to him she lov'd. 30
 erian wives the means would try,
 :onfessing is flat Popery. 32

XIII.

HENRY II. *By Mr. MOUNTFORT, 1693.*
Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

e sad catastrophe have seen,
 'a mistress and a queen.
 the Proud was French, they say
 manufacture got the day.

Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver :
Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre*.
Now tell me, Gallants ! would you lead your li
With such a mistress or with such a wife ?
If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture or the curtain love ?
Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife,
Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest whoring Harry in the play ?
I guess your minds ; the mistress would be taken
And nauseous Matrimony sent a-packing.
The devil's in you all ; mankind's a rogue ;
You love the bride ; but you detest the clog.
After a year poor spouse is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of church comes cross your mind
Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
The playhouse is a kind of market-place ;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face :
Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many,
Would buy of me a penn'worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a shift my portion to provide,
With some small perquisites I have beside.
Tho' for your love, perhaps, I should not care,

ight ensue 'tis hard for me to tell,
 a drench'd to-day for loving well,
 the poison that would make me swell.

33

XIV.

AN EPILOGUE.

our wife was chaste, yet throughly try'd,
 hout doubt, y' are hugely edify'd;
 our hero whom we shew'd to-day,
 k no woman true but in a play.

we did make a pretty kind of show;
 nd kindness in one breast would grow;
 s Heav'n knows how many years ago.

ne small chat, and guinea expectation,
 the pretty creatures in the nation.

ly your little selves you meet;
 ent-Garden drawn in Bridges-Street.

our author then, if he has shown
 rut-brown bastard of your own.

opy you, with ease and with delight,

those follies poets toil to write!

ating Muse does almost leave the chase;

is, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.

on but in one vice, away you fly

new frisk of contrariety.

l like snow-balls, gath'ring as you run,

t sev'n dev'ls when dispossess'd of one.

10

15

20

Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
But ev'ry inch of her you now uncase,
And clap a vizard-mask upon the face.
For sins like these the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating pestilences
Watch, ev'ry twenty years, to snap offences.
Saturn e'en now takes doctoral degrees,
He'll do your work this summer without fees,
Let all the boxes, Phœbus! find thy grace,
And, ah! preserve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit-confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they show:
'The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;
For ev'ry critic sav'd thou damn'st a play.

XV.

EPILOGUE *to* THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

LEEE some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit
So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
Unus'd to crowds, the parson quakes for fear,
And wonders how the dev'l he durst come there
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, some learning, and some little grace

y Poet void of care,
 uch as our new authors are,
 h learning, nor much wit to spare :
 ce, to tell the truth, there's scarce one
 e as the very Parson.

}
 }
 }

11

preach and write for your instruction.
 hird day, and for induction.

is, that though you like the play,
 in is ne'er beyond his day.

15

Parson 'tis another case ;
 oliness may rise to grace.

one disadvantage more,
 y be dull he's damn'd all o'er,
 mn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.
 ell becomes the sable garment ;
 : ne'er spoil'd a Priest's preferment :

}
 }
 }

21

bus'ness, and as wit now goes,
 o much your's as you suppose,
 othing now but nauseous beaus.
 t, Gallants ! as by proof appears,
 Beauship says, but what he wears ;
 yes are tickled, not your ears.

}
 }
 }

25

d the furrier find the stuff,
 n the dress and monstrous muff.

30

t is, the payment of the pit
 e, clipt money for clipt wit.
 om our absent author hope
 up the stage with such a fop :

N W.

Fools change in England, and new fools arise; 35
 For tho' th' immortal species never dies,
 Yet ev'ry year new maggots make new flies:
 But where he lives abroad he scarce can find
 One fool for millions that he left behind. 39

XVI.

EPILOGUE to THE PILGRIM.

PERHAPS the Parson stretch'd a point too far,
 When with our theatres he wag'd a war.
 He tells you that this very moral age
 Receiv'd the first infection from the stage.
 But, sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught,
 The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.
 Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
 It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
 London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
 So plentiful a crop of horns before. 10
 The poets, who must live by courts or starve,
 Were proud so good a government to serve,
 And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
 Tainted the stage for some small snip of gain.
 For they, like harlots, under bawds protest, 15
 Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the least.
 Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
 The court its head, the poets but the tail.
 The sin was of our native growth 'tis true,

EPILOGUES.

they were, but modestly conceal'd ;
 Shall the naked Venus first reveal'd,
 standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
 strumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
 his, if saints had any secret motion, 25
 as chamber-practice all, and close devotion.
 as the peccadillos of their time ;
 ning but open lewdness was a crime.
 monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
 compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
 w they would silence us, and shut the door, 30
 at let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.
 for reforming us, which some pretend,
 that work in England is without an end :
 Well may we change, but we shall never mend. 35
 Yet if you can but bear the present stage,
 We hope much better of the coming age.
 What would you say if we should first begin
 To stop the trade of love behind the scene,
 Where actresses make bold with marry'd men ? 40
 For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is.
 Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
 In short, we'll grow as moral as we can.
 Save here and there a woman or a man :
 But neither you nor we, with all our pains. 45
 Can make clean work ; there will be some remains }
 While you have still your Oates and we our Haynes. }

SONGS.

I.

THE FAIR STRANGER.

I.

HAPPY and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest;
My am'rous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair :

II.

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains :
Where now you rule without control,
The mighty sov'reign of my soul.

III.

Your smiles have more of conqu'ring charms
Than all your native country arms :
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh ! there's the spell,
Who can see them and not rebel ?
You make us captives by your stay.

NDON had law and sense ;
 was fierce and brave ;
 's grave looks was a pretence,
 anby's matchless impudence
 to support the knave.

6

underland, Godolphin, Lory,
 se will appear such chits in story,
 ill turn all politics to jests,
 he repeated like John Dory,
 hen fiddlers sing at feasts.

10

rotect us mighty Providence !
 What would these madmen have ?
 First they would bribe us without
 Deceive us without common sense,
 And without pow'r enslave.

pence,

15

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
 obmit to servile shame,
 Who from consent and custom draw
 The same right to be rul'd by law
 Which kings pretend to reigu ?

draw
 law

20

The Duke shall wield his conqu'ring sword,
The Chancellor make a speech,
The king shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
And then come kiss my breech.

So have I seen a king on chess,
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn.

III.

A SONG for St. CECILIA'S Day, 1682

I.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began,
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's pow'r obey.
From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began:

SONGS.

151

to harmony,
 compass of the notes it ran,
 losing full in man.

15

II.

cannot Music raise and quell!
 Buck the corded shell,
 brethren stood around,
 on their faces fell
 the celestial sound.

20

they thought there could not dwell,
 how of that shell,
 sweetly and so well.

cannot Music raise and quell!

III.

loud clangor

25

ars,

as of anger,

rms;

rible, double beat

ng Drum,

30

the foes come;

e, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

laining Flute,

discovers,

opeless lovers,

35

whisper'd by the warbling Lute.

V.

Sharp Violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation.
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

VI.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred Organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the Lyre;
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher,
When to her Organ vocal breath was giv'n;
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays

the trumpet shall be heard on high,
 the dead shall live, the living die,
 and music shall untune the sky.

}

IV.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA *for the death of* DAMON.

I.

On a bank, beside a willow,
 lay'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
 And Amynta sigh'd alone :
 From the cheerless dawn of morning,
 Till the dews of night returning,
 Nothing, thus she made her moan :
 Hope is banish'd,
 Days are vanish'd,
 Damon, my belov'd, is gone !

5

II.

Oh me, I dare thee to discover
 Such a youth and such a lover ;
 Alas ! so true, so kind was he !
 Damon was the pride of Nature,
 Shining in his ev'ry feature ;
 Damon liv'd alone for me :
 Melting kisses,
 Warm'ring blisses :
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we !

10

15

Volume III.

O

III.

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore :
 Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drain'd before :
 Death come end me,
 To befriend me ;
 Love and Damon are no more !

V.

A SONG.

I.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
 Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the green
 She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guess'd
 By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her breast
 She saw the men eager, but was at a loss
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing
 By their praying and whining, [close
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

II.

Ah ! she cry'd ; ah ! for a languishing maid,
 In a country of Christians to die without aid ?

SONGS.

155

g, or a Tory, or Trimmer, at least,
 stant parson, or Catholic priest,
 t a young virgin that is at a loss
 meant by their sighing, and kissing so close:
 raying and whining,
 ng and twining,
 ng and wishing,
 ng and kissing,
 ng and kissing so close.

15

20

III.

hape of a swain did appear ;
 e sad wound, and in pity drew near ;
 w'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear, 25
 ain was no more than a maiden may bear :
 bullen was infus'd she was not at a loss
 y meant by their sighing, and kissing so close:
 raying and whining,
 ing and twining, 30
 ing and wishing,
 ng and kissing,
 ing and kissing so close. 33

VI.

THE LADIES' SONG.

I.

t of bright beauties in spring did appear.
 s *May-lady* to govern the year;

All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds
in green;

The garland was giv'n, and Phyllis was queen :
But Phyllis refus'd it, and, sighing, did say,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more ;
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires
Has broken his bow and extinguish'd his fires ;
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity swore ;
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn
When Pan and his son and fair Syrinx return.

VII.

A SONG.

SONGS.

157

As I, from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

5

II.

Your face for conquest was design'd ;
Your ev'ry motion charms my mind ;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak ;
But when, at once, they hear and view,
Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

10

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love ;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain :
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

15

18

VIII.

A SONG.

HIGH state and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart :
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
My soul does inspire ;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.

5

Your love let me crave ;
 Give me in possessing — 10
 So matchless a blessing ;
 That empire is all I would have.
 Love's my petition,
 All my ambition ;
 If e'er you discover 15
 So faithful a lover,
 So real a flame,
 I'll die, I'll die ;
 So give up my game. 19

IX.

RONDELET.

I.

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
 All in tears, upon the plain,
 Sighing to himself, and crying,
 Wretched I, to love in vain !
 Kiss me, Dear ! before my dying ; 5
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

II.

Sighing to himself, and crying,
 Wretched I, to love in vain !
 Ever scorning, and denying,
 To reward your faithful swain : 10

SONGS.

III.

and denying,
 faithful swain;
 at his crying,
 he lov'd in vain:
 ! before my dying;
 and ease my pain!

15

IV.

ing at his crying,
 at he lov'd in vain!
 g, and complying,
 iss'd, she kiss'd again:
 up before his dying;
 up, and eas'd his pain.

20

24

X.

A SONG.

I.

Amynta, gentle Swain!
 I not die, nor dare complain;
 meful voice with numbers join,
 words will more prevail than mine.
 ous oppres'd. and dumb with grief,
 gods ordain this kind relief,
 : Music should in sounds convey,
 at dying lovers dare not say.

5

II.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
 But love on pity cannot live ;
 Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
 And love with love is only paid :
 Tell her my pains so fast increase,
 That soon they will be past redress :
 But, ah ! the wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but death to close his eyes.

XI.

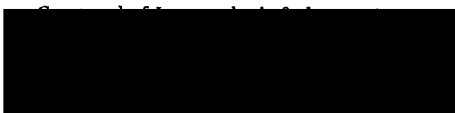
A SONG to a fair young Lady going out of the Town in Spring.

ASK not the cause why sullen Spring
 So long delays her flow'rs to bear ;
 Why warbling birds forget to sing,
 And winter-storms invert the year :
 Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
 To make it spring where she resides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair !
 She cast not back a pitying eye,
 But left her lover in despair,
 To sigh, to languish, and to die.
 Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
 To give the wounds they will not cure ?

III.



SONGS.

161

eligions can invade,
 ge the laws of ev'ry land ?
 ou hadst plac'd such pow'r before,
 uldst have made her mercy more.

15

IV.

Joris to the temple comes,
 rowsds before her fall;
 store the dead from tombs,
 y life but mine recall.
 y by love design'd
 y victim for mankind.

20

24

XII.

A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS, *who being*
by their friends, fell mad for one another, and
at meet in Bedlam.

[*Music within.*]

enter at opposite doors, each held by a keeper.

Look, look, I see—I see my love appear !
 —'tis he alone,

him there is none :

lear, dear man ; 'tis thee, Dear !

Hark ! the winds war,

5

y waves roar ;

ip afar,

nd tossing, and making to the shore

's that I view,

t of hue,

10

St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the sails
Ah! no, no, no;

St. Hermo never, never shone so bright;
'Tis Phillis, only Phillis, can shoot so fair a light
'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis, that saves the ship alone
For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is
blown.

PHIL. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his

AMYNT. If all the Fates combine,

And all the Furies join, [ch

I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each
and embrace.*]

PHIL. Shall I marry the man I love!

And shall I conclude my pains?

Now bless'd be the Pow'rs above!

I feel the blood bound in my veins;

With a lively leap it began to move,

And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNT. Body join'd to body, and heart jo

To make sure of the cure,

Go, call the man in black to mumble o'er his

PHIL. But suppose he should stay—

AMYNT. At worst if he delay,

'Tis a work must be done,

We'll borrow but a day,

LEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

I.

To the memory of Mr. OLDHAM.

NEWELL, too little and too lately known,
From I began to think and call my own;
Assure our souls were near ally'd, and thine
In the same poetic mould with mine:
Common note on either lyre did strike, 5
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike:
The same goal did both our studies drive;
Last set out, the soonest did arrive.
Nisus fell upon the slipp'ry place,
And his young friend perform'd and won the race. 10
Early ripe to thy abundant store,
Could advancing age have added more?
But, what Nature never gives the young,
He caught the smoothness of thy native tongue.
Fire needs not those, and wit will shine 15
In the harsh cadence of a rugged line:
Error, and but seldom made,
Poets are by too much force betray'd.
Rous'd fruits, tho' gather'd ere their prime,
Had a quickness; and maturing Time 20
Shows what we write to the dull sweets of

Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell thou young
 But, ah, too short Marcellus of our tongue!
 Thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound;
 But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

II.

AN ODE

To the pious memory of the accomplished young Lady

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

Excellent in the two sister-arts of Poesy and Painting.

I.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the Skies,
 Made in the last promotion of the bless'd;
 Whose palms, new pluck'd from Paradise,
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
 Rich with immortal green above the rest;
 Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
 Thou roll'st above us in thy wand'ring race,
 Or in procession fix'd and regular,
 Mov'd with the heav'n's majestic pace;
 Or call'd to more superior bliss,
 Thou tread'st with seraphims the vast abyss;
 Whatever happy region is thy place,
 Grant thy celestial song a little space:

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

165

a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse
 the verse ;
 thy own voice did practise here,
 first fruits of poesy were giv'n ;
 myself a welcome inmate there ;
 a young probationer,
 late of heav'n.

20

II.

When first came thy mind,
 or is the less, to find
 charming from a stock so good ;
 was transfus'd into thy blood :
 thou born into a tuneful strain,
 rich, and inexhausted vein.
 Pre-existing soul
 I, at first, with myriads more,
 'mid all the mighty poets roll,

25

30

but Latin laurels wore,
 but Sappho last, which once it was before.
 Cease thy flight, O heav'n-born mind !
 No dross to purge from thy rich ore :
 No equal a fairer mansion find,
 The beauteous frame she left behind :
 Nor mend the choir of thy celestial kind }

35

III.

Resume to say, that, at thy birth,
 Was sprung in heav'n, as well as here on

40

Z

P

For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth;
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clust'ring swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heav'n had not leisure to renew;
For all thy bless'd fraternity of love [abc
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heav'nly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down

iupian stream remains unsoil'd,
 with foreign filth, and undefil'd ; 69 }
 as more than man, her innocence a child. }

V.

ad none, yet wanted none,
 e did that want supply ;
 i treasures of her own,
 t our boasted stores defy.
 le vigour did her verse adorn, 75
 em'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
 ils, too, were in her bosom bred,
 examples daily fed, }
 the best of books, her father's life, she read. }
 e read herself she need not fear ; 80 }
 t, and ev'ry light, her Muse will bear, }
 ictetus; with his lamp, were there. }
 e, for love sometimes her Muse express'd,
 lambent flamewhich play'd about her breast,
 the vapours of a morning dream ; 85
 herself, while she such warmth exprest,
 upid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

he spacious empire of the Nine,
 uld have thought she should have been content
 age well that mighty government ; 90
 t can young ambitious souls confine
 next realm she stretch'd her sway,
 nture near adjoining lay ; }
 ous province and alluring prey. }

A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd, 95
 (As conquerors will never want pretence,
 When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
 And the whole fief, in right of poetry, she claim'd.
 The country open lay without defence;
 For poets frequent inroads there had made, 100
 And perfectly could represent
 The shape, the face, with ev'ry lineament;
 And all the large domains which the dumb sister
 All bow'd beneath her government, [sway'd &
 Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went, 105
 Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd,
 And oft' the happy draught surpass'd the image in
 The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks, [her mind,
 And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
 Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear, 110
 The bottom did the top appear;
 Of deeper too, and ampler floods,
 Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods;
 Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
 And perspectives of pleasant glades, 115
 Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
 And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
 Which them at once admire and fear. }
 The ruins, too, of some majestic piece,
 Boasting the pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece, 120
 Whose statues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
 And, tho' defac'd, the wonder of the eye:

What Nature, Art, bold Fiction, e'er durst frame,
 Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
 So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before, 125
 But when the peopled Ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look,
 Our martial King the sight with rev'rence strook;
 For, not content t' express his outward part,
 Her hand call'd out the image of his heart: 130
 His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
 His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there, }
 As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
 Our phoenix Queen was pourtray'd, too, so bright,
 Beauty alone could beauty take so right: 135
 Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
 Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly face.
 With such a peerless majesty she stands,
 As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands;
 Before, a train of heroines, was seen, 140
 In beauty foremost, as in rank the Queen.
 Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
 But, like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
 Still with a greater blaze she shone,
 And her bright soul broke out on ev'ry side. 145
 What next she had design'd Heav'n only knows: }
 To such immod'rate growth her conquest rose, }
 That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well proportion'd shape and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes : 15
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit nor piety could Fate prevent ;
Nor was the cruel Destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow, 15
To sweep, at once, her life and beauty too ;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
A double sacrilege on things divine, 16
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine !
But thus Orinda dy'd :
Heav'n by the same disease did both translate :
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Mean time her warlike brother on the seas 16
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, gen'rous youth ! that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here :
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come, 17
Alas ! thou know'st not thou art wreck'd at home
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.

But look aloft, and if thou kenn'st from far,
 Among the Pleiades a new-kindled star, 175
 Many sparkles than the rest more bright,
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
 To raise the nations under ground;
 When, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, 180
 The judging God shall close the book of Fate,
 And there the last assizes keep
 For those who wake, and those who sleep;
 When rattling bones together fly
 From the four corners of the sky; 185
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
 Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound, 189
 For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
 And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing:
 There thou, sweet Saint! before the quire shall go,
 As harbinger of Heav'n, the way to show, 194
 The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGRICAL POEM.

Dedicated to the Memory of

THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

To the Right Honourable

THE EARL OF ABINGDON. &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands with which you honoured me some months ago are now performed: they had been sooner; but, betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes, and told them that good verses never flow but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings

from a shipwreck, but have only gained a rock by
 hard swimming, where I may pant a while and ga-
 ther breath : for the doctors give me a sad assurance
 that my disease never took its leave of any man but
 with a purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have
 held on the interval, and managed the small
 stock, which age has left me, to the best advantage,
 in performing this inconsiderable service to my Lady's
 memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not
 the inspiration when we please ; but must wait till the
 gods come rushing on us, and invades us with a fury
 which we are not able to resist ; which gives us double
 strength while the fit continues, and leaves us lan-
 guishing and spent at its departure. Let me not seem
 to boast, my Lord ; for I have really felt it on this
 occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power.
 Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the ex-
 cellency of the subject contributed much to the hap-
 piness of the execution ; and that the weight of thir-
 ty years was taken off me while I was writing. I
 swam with the tide, and the water under me was
 buoyant. The reader will easily observe that I was
 transported by the multitude and variety of my simi-
 litudes, which are generally the product of a luxu-
 riant fancy, and the wantonness, of wit. Had I call-
 ed in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly
 stratched many of them. But I defend them not ;
 let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better

sort of critics; for the whole Poem, though in that which they call Heroic verse, is of the heroic nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of labour for it. It was intended, as your Lordship in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: or of apotheosis, indeed, if a Heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And, on all occasions of praise, if we take the Ancients for our pattern, we are bound, by prescription, to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to add to the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the Younger Pliny amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for security: for I think I need not mention the example of Pindar, who stretches, on these pinions, to the height of his subject, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, if I have not performed so well as I think I have. I have used my best endeavours to excel myself; and to my disadvantage I have had, which is, never to be known or seen my lady; and to draw the contents of her mind from the description which she has received from others, is for a painter to set to work without the living original before him. In which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much more difficult for him to conceive, when he has

their (and among the rest) that his own observations would have discovered more perfect at least others, than have been delivered to though I have received mine from the best that is, from persons who neither want a just tanding of my Lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Mr. Donne, the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation, acknowledges that he never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had no fortune, though I have not succeeded to the genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric, which was to raise emulation in the living to copy out the example of the dead: and therefore it was that I once intended to call this Poem *The Pattern*; and though,

to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave your Lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who despise the rules of virtue, both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon to have been so truly loved by you while she was living, and so gratefully honoured after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriours of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands; and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name as author of the piece; so give me leave to hope that, by subscribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of her's. It is no flattery to

your lordship that she is remembered in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your lordship for the commission which you have given me; how I have acquitted myself of it must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules; and though one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercises on the like subjects; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say my talent is satire: if it be so, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather: but a single hand is insufficient for such harvest. They have sown the dragon's teeth that

selves, and it is but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the charter of honour, though it is not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker of the House: yet, like him, I have undertaken a charge, and find the burthen sufficiently recompensed by the honour. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper-monument; and let his pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but grant me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN

III.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

Devoted to the memory of the late Countess of ARINGTON.

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,
 Soft whispers first, and mournful murmurs rise
 Among the sad attendants; then the sound
 Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
 Thro' town and country, till the dreadful blast
 Is blown to distant shores at last;
 Who, then, perhaps are off'ring vows in vain,
 For his long life, and for his happy reign;
 So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
 Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
 Till public as the loss the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremest parts,
 With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
 But most the poor, whom daily she supply'd,
 Beginning to be such but when she dy'd :
 For while she liv'd, they slept in peace by night,
 Secure of bread, as of returning light;
 And with such firm dependence on the day,
 That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray :
 So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
 They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.

Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurs'd,
That she, herself, might fear her wanting first,
Of her five talents other five she made;
Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from ostentations fall,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No less than heav'n, to heap huge treasures there.

Want pass'd for merit at her open door;
Heav'n saw he safely might increase his poor,
And trust their sustenance with her so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy whom she saw or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
He who could touch her garment was as sure
As the first Christians of th' Apostles' cure.
The distant heard, by Fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
Each in his turn. The rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor 'twas home,
As to some holy house th' afflicted came,
The hunger-starv'd, the naked, and the lame;
Want and diseases fled before her name.

For a like her's her servants were too slow;
 As was the first, where need requir'd, to go;
 Himself the foundress and attendant too.

50 }

Here she had guests sometimes to entertain,
 Counts in disguise, of her great Master's train:
 Her Lord himself might come, for aught we know,
 Since in a servant's form he liv'd below:

55

Beneath her roof he pleas'd to stay;
 Or some benighted traveller on his way,
 Might ease his wing, seeing heav'n appear
 In its best work of art, to think it there:
 Where all the deeds of piety and love
 Were in as constant use as above.

60

All carried on; all in a piece with theirs;
 As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
 As loud her praises, and as warm her pray'rs.

}

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
 And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last:
 That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve,
 When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:
 Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;
 Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.
 So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,
 Provided for the seventh necessity;
 Taught from above his magazines to frame,
 That famine was prevented ere it came.

65

71

Heav'n, tho' all-sufficient, shews a thrift
 In economy, and bounds his gift;

75

Creating, for our day, one single light,
And his reflection, too, supplies the night.
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the sky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurst,
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.

Now as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her soul, abhorring avarice ;
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice :
Had she giv'n more, it had profusion been,
And turn'd th' excess of goodness into sin.

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky,
For that which is next Heav'n is charity.
But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep ;
And lofty cedars as far upwards shoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root ;
So low did her secure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but humility.
Scarcely she knew that she was great or fair,
Or wise beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare :
For to be conscious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own worth wanting, others to abound ;

Amil'd above their due to ev'ry one,
Liken and scanty to herself alone. 105

Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of speculation to disputing schools,
And teach us equally the scales to hold
Between the two extremes of hot and cold;
That piety's heat may mod'rately prevail, 110
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd, with zeal.
Bus'ness might shorten, not disturb, her pray'r;
Heav'n had the best, if not the greater share.

An active life long oraisons forbids;
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds. 115

Her ev'ry day was Sabbath; only free
From hours of pray'r, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from servile toil releas't,
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as blest angels exercise above, 120
Vary'd with sacred hymns and acts of love:
Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
E'en that perpetual one, which she employs,
(For such vicissitudes in heav'n there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate pray'r. 125

All this she practis'd here, that when she sprung
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung:
Sung, and was sung herself in angels' lays;
For praising her they did her Maker praise.
All offices of heav'n so well she knew 130
Before she came, that nothing there was new;

And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse! down again precipitate thy flight,
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light
But as the sun in water we can bear,
Yet not the sun, but his reflection, there,
So let us view her, here, in what she was,
And take her image in this wat'ry glass.
Yet look not ev'ry lineament to see; 140
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know 'tis she:
For where such various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the Milky way, all over bright, [light
But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd

Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call,
For one heroic comprehends 'em all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Tho' 'tis a train of stars thát, rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac run, 150
Ever in motion; now 'tis faith ascends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends.

As in perfumes, compos'd with art and cost,
'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost; 1
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose ev'ry part,

POEMS AND EPITAPHS.

185

as we could most commend, 160

wife, the mother, or the friend ;

in that supreme degree,

she prevail'd, so all was she.

Her lays hidden in the piece ;

but exerted that or this, 165

under, and as true withal,

as man was before her fall ;

as man, of whom she was a part,

at his eyes, and keep his heart.

Not by no crime accurst ; 170

not as brittle, as the first,

first, still Paradise had been,

and found no entrance by her sin.

They had preserv'd from ill

their's, but liv'd their pattern still. 175

Obedience to her lord she bore ;

They lov'd him, but she lov'd him more :

By superior sway,

His indulgence to obey.

God, as author of our good ; 180

Not just kings, or so they should.

His ingratitude return'd ;

The blissful couple burn'd ; [mourn'd. }

And 'em both, and in one grief they }

Still improv'd ! he lov'd so fast, 185

Each day would be her last.

Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state,
When he to Heav'n entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the soul is all in ev'ry part, 195
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful or more kind than she:
Each under other by degrees they grew, 195
A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
In numb'ring o'er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As in their order next to light they came; 200
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit,
As far as pride with heav'nly minds may suit,
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore; 205
New objects only multiply'd it more:
And as the Chosen found the pearly grain
As much as ev'ry vessel could contain;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory, as his soul can bear; 210
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.

ISSUES AND EPITAPHS.

187

That infant care beguiles,
By mother in her smiles; 215

Whom let in day
And gave it room to play,
The maternal love,
Season did improve:
Oblivious to command, 220

And to the forming hand;
Nor, the labour'd mind
Was, generous, just, and kind.

From the first prepar'd,
Long exercise grew hard; 225

Confirm'd, and made at last
To be effac'd,

And, from vices free,
Drove into necessity.

Virtue's image, that's her own, 230
Other in the children shone;

Perfection: she was such,
To express her mind too much.

Her perfections were,
Children, she had more to spare 235

Than, whom her uniformly dear
Sons, and of mortal breath,

Impressions of her mind
Were her kind.

Her soul extend
To other souls, and so

As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
 To seek repose, and empty out the tide;
 So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
 Unable to contain her, sought a vent, 245
 To issue out, and in some friendly breast
 Discharge her treasures, and securely rest:
 T' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
 Take good advice, but better to impart:
 For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state, 250
 To mix their minds, and to communicate;
 Tho' bodies cannot, souls can penetrate:
 Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true,
 And wisely chusing, for she chose but few.
 Some she must have, but in no one could find 255
 A tally fitted for so large a mind.

The souls of friends like kings in progress are;
 Still in their own, tho' from the palace far:
 Thus her friend's heart her country-dwelling was,
 A sweet retirement to a coarser place, 260
 Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
 Where greatness was shut out, and business well forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught; but short as far }
 As the true height and bigness of a star }
 Exceeds the measures of th' astronomer. 265 }
 She shines above, we know; but in what place,
 How near the throne, and Heav'n's imperial face,

Tho' all these rare endowments of the mind 270
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd,
Tho' not so large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, thro' the public place,
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass, 275
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The Consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;

And so the swift procession hurry'd on,
That all, tho' not distinctly, might be shown;
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd, 280
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind;

And multitudes of virtues pass'd along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come. 285

Yet unemploy'd no minute slip'd away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heav'n to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, tho' each complete; }
But ev'ry act stood ready to repeat. 290 }

Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her bless'd name in Fate's eternal book,
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:
But more will wonder at so short an age, 295
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page;

And, with a pious fear, begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out :
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and could there
A copy near th' original 'twas she.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple and expire ;
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence,
A short sweet odour of a vast expence.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd;
For but a Now did heav'n and earth divide:
She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death!
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs when souls are almost free
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue,
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep;
So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of heav'n, and she was there

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long-familiar guest,
He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go :
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd :

descending courier from above, 325
 her timely warning to remove,
 li'd her to dress the nuptial room,
 at night the Bridegroom was to come.
 Is hour, and found her, where she lay,
 in white, the liv'ry of the day. 330
 she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act,
 missions were to pass for fact,
 ly Death a consequence could draw,
 er liable to Nature's law.
 she dy'd we only have to show 335
 d part of her she left below:
 so smooth, so suddenly she went,
 ke translation thro' the firmament,
 e fiery car on the third errand sent. }
 'Soul ! if thou canst view from high, 340
 d art all intelligence, all eye,
 up to God, or down to us,
 'st that any way be pervious,
 : ruins of thy house, and see
 w'd and thy orphan family; 345
 by tender pledges left behind;
 ou canst a vacant minute find
 'nly joys, that interval afford
 children, and thy mourning Lord;
 ey grieve, mistaken in their love, 350
 a beam of comfort from above:

Give 'em, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
 A transient view of thy full glories there,
 That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain
 And mollify their losses in thy gain. 355
 Or else divide the grief; for such thou wert,
 That should not all relations bear a part,
 It were enough to break a single heart. }

Let this suffice; nor thou, great Saint! refuse
 This humble tribute of no vulgar Muse. 360
 Who, not by cares, or wants, or age deprest,
 Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast,
 And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
 Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
 Where, e'en to draw the picture of thy mind, 365
 Is satire on the most of human-kind:
 Take it while yet 'tis praise; before my rage,
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age;
 So bad, that thou thyself had'st no defence
 From vice, but barely by departing hence. 370

Be what, and where thou art; to wish thy place,
 Were, in the best, presumption, more than grace.
 Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are),
 Have, in this Poem, been my holy care.
 As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky, 375
 So shall this verse preserve thy memory;
 For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee. }

IV.

Upon the DEATH of the Earl of DUNDEE.

OH last and best of Scots ! who didst maintain
 Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign ;
 New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
 New gods the temples, and new kings the throne. 4
 Scotland and thee dost thou no other live ;
 Nor wouldst thou have should she thee, survive.
 Farewell ! who dyest thou support the state,
 And couldst not fall thy country's fate. 8

V.

On the DEATH of MENITAS. A pastoral elegy.

'T WAS on a joyless gloomy morn,
 Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the thorn,
 When Damon, who design'd to pass the day
 With hounds and horns, and chase the flying prey,
 Rose early from his bed ; but soon he found 5
 The welkin pitch'd with sullen clouds around,
 An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground. }
 Thus while he stood, and, sighing, did survey
 The fields, and curs'd th' ill omens of the day,
 He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace; 10
 Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his face;
 He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
 As voice before him from afar :

R ij

Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy Swain !
 The spungy clouds are fill'd with gath'ring rain ; 15
 The promise of the day not only crost,
 But e'en the spring, the spring itself, is lost.
 Amyntas—Oh !—He could not speak the rest,
 Nor needed, for presaging Damon guest.
 Equal with Heav'n young Damon lov'd the boy, 20
 The boast of Nature, both his parents' joy.
 His graceful form revolving in his mind,
 So great a genius, and a soul so kind,
 Gave sad assurance that his fears were true ;
 Too well the envy of the gods he knew ; 25
 For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
 Soon they repent, and will not make them last :
 For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
 The mother's features and the father's soul.
 Then thus he cry'd ; The Morn bespoke the news ;
 The Morning did her chearful light diffuse ; 31
 But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
 And brought on clouds and rain, the day's disgrace ;
 Just such, Amyntas ! was thy promis'd race. }
 What charms adorn'd thy youth, where Nature smil'd,
 And more than man was giv'n us in a child ! 36
 His infancy was ripe ; a soul sublime,
 In years so tender that prevented time :
 Heav'n gave him all at once ; then snatch'd away, }
 Ere mortals all his beauties could survey ; 40
 Just like the flower that buds and withers in a day

MEN. The mother, lovely, tho' with grief oppress'd,
 Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast :
 The mournful family stood all around ;
 One groan was heard, one universal sound : 45
 All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow
 drown'd.

So dire a sadness sat on ev'ry look,
 E'en Death repented he had giv'n the stroke ;
 He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
 But promis'd length of life to those who yet remain'd.
 The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace, 51
 It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.
 The father bore it with undaunted soul,
 Like one who durst his destiny control ;
 Yet with becoming grief he bore his part, 55
 Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart :
 Patient as Job ; and may he live to see,
 Like him, a new increasing family !

DAM. Such is my wish, and such my prophesy.
 For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains ;
 Long may she exercise her fruitful pains ! 61
 But ah ! with better hap, and bring a race
 More lasting, and endu'd with equal grace !
 Equal she may, but farther none can go ;
 For he was all that was exact below. 65

MEN. Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud ;
 Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud ?
 There mounts Amyntas ; the young cherubs play
 About their godlike mate, and sing him on his way :

He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies, 70
 And ev'ry moment gains upon the skies.
 The new-come guest admires th' ethereal state,
 The sapphire portal, and the golden gate;
 And now admitted in the shining throng,
 He shows the passport which he brought along: 75
 His passport is his innocence and grace,
 Well known to all the natives of the place.
 Now sing, ye joyful Angels! and admire
 Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire:
 Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow,
 For like Amyntas none is left below. 81

VI.

On the DEATH of a very young GENTLEMAN.

HE who could view the book of Destiny,
 And read whatever there was writ of thee,
 O charming Youth! in the first op'ning page,
 So many graces in so green an age,
 Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind, 5
 A soul at once so manly and so kind,
 Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
 And after some few leaves should find no more,
 Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
 A step of life that promis'd such a race. 10
 We must not, dare not, think that Heav'n began
 A child, and could not finish him a man.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

197

ready furnish'd, so bestow'd, 16

was never to one soul allow'd ;

his profusion, spent in vain,

it mould'ring ashes to remain !

; lest I split upon the shelf,

I guess Heav'n kept it for himself ; 20

g us the use, did soon recall,

old spare, the mighty principal.

en he disappear'd, was rarify'd ;

proper speech to say he dy'd :

hal'd, his great Creator drew 5

as the sun the morning dew.

roduces death ; and he had none

nt Adam left on ev'ry son.

not, he was so pure, so good,

th' orig'nal forfeit of his blood, 30

so little, that the river ran

than the corrupted fount began.

emain'd of the first muddy clay,

of course had wash'd it in the way ;

nd yet so clear, we might behold 35

l bottom, and that bottom gold.

we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,

the tribute mortals could afford :

he gave so much, the Pow'rs above

ry at our superstitious love ; 40

we more than human homage pay,

ing cause is justly snatch'd away.

Thus was the crime not his, but our's alone,
 And yet we murmur that he went so soon,
 Tho' miracles are short, and rarely shown. 45

Hear then, ye mournful Parents! and divide
 That love in many, which in one was ty'd.
 That individual blessing is no more,
 But multiply'd in your remaining store.
 The flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire; 50
 The sparkles blaze, tho' not the globe of fire.
 Love him by parts, in all your num'rous race,
 And from those parts form one collected grace;
 Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
 Imagine all in one, and think that one is he. 55

VII.

Upon Young Master ROGERS of Gloucestershire.

OF gentle blood, his parents's only treasure,
 Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure;
 Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
 A large provision for so short a race; 4
 More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
 Too early fitted for a better state;
 But, knowing heav'n his home, to shun delay,
 He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way. 8

VIII.

On the DEATH of Mr. FURCEL. Set to music by Dr. BLOW.

I.

MARK how the lark and linnet sing;
 With rival notes

in their warbling throats,
 me in the spring,
 e close of night,
 ilomel begins her heav'nly lay,
 se their mutual spite,
 her music with delight,
 ning, silently obey.

5

II.

the rival crew, when Purcell came ;
 g no more, or only sung his fame :
 umb, they all admir'd the godlike man ;
 like man,
 o soon retir'd,
 late began.
 ot Hell our Orpheus to restore :
 een there,
 'reign's fear

10

15

him back before ;

r of harmony too well they knew ;
 ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,
 so Hell below.

20

III.

nly choir, who heard his notes from high,
 n the scale of music from the sky ;
 ded him along,
 e way he taught, and all the way they sung.
 en of the lyre and tuneful voice !
 is lot, but at your own rejoice :

25

Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

IX.

EPITAPH *on the Lady* WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treasure each alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend, in one,
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing what he had, and lost.

Come, Virgins! ere in equal bands ye join,
Come first and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest, with longer life,
And wish your vows, like her's, may be return'd
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd

X.

EPITAPH *on Sir* PALMES FAIRBONE'S tomb *in Westminster-Abbey.*

*Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBO
Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of a
command he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Mo
then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of his
October, 24, 1680.*

YE sacred Relics! which your marble keep,



ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

Discharge the trust which, when it was below,
 Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
 And be the town's Palladium from the foe. 5
 Alive and dead these walls he will defend :
 Great actions great examples must attend,
 The Candian siege his early valour knew,
 Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue :
 From thence returning with deserv'd applause, 10
 Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws;
 The same the courage, and the same the cause. }
 His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
 As in some great and regular design, }
 All of a piece throughout, and all divine. 15 }
 Still nearer heav'n his virtues shone more bright
 Like rising flames expanding in their height;
 The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight. }
 For bravely British general never fell,
 Or general's death was e'er reveng'd so well; 20
 Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
 Low'd by thousand victims of his foes.
 his lamented loss for time to come,
 pious widow consecrates this tomb.

XI.

24

Mr. MILTON's picture before his PARADISE LOST.
 e poets, in three distant ages born,
 Italy, and England, did adorn.
ve III.

The first in loftiness of thought surpast ;
The next in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go ; 5
To make a third she join'd the former two.

XII.

*On the monument of a fair maiden Lady, who died at Bath,
and is there interred.*

BELOW this marble monument is laid
All that Heav'n wants of this celestial maid ;
Preserve, O sacred Tomb ! thy trust consign'd ;
The mould was made on purpose for the mind.
And she would lose, if, at the latter day, 5
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace,
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul, 10
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd,
Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light,
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight ;
Each thought was visible that roll'd within, 15
As thro' a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen ;
And Heav'n did this transparent veil provide,

ite, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies ;
 rriage, tho' it sullies not, it dies. 20
 io' her wit, yet humble was her mind,
 he could not, or she would not, find }
 uch her worth transcended all her kind.
 : had learn'd so much of heav'n below,
 hen arriv'd she scarce had more to know, 25
 y to refresh the former hint,
 id her Maker in a fairer print.
 s, as she had no time to spare
 man thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r.
 uch charities she pass'd the day, 30
 wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
 so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
 passion could but curl, not discompose.
 le softness, with a manly mind ;
 hter duteous, and a sister kind ; }
 eass patient, and in death resign'd. 36 }

XIII.

HON *Mrs.* MARGARET PASTON, of *Burningham*
Lincolnshire.

, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
 a judgment, and so rare a wit,
 : at least an age in one to meet.
 hey met ; but long they could not stay,
 gold too fine to mix without allay. 5

Heav'n's image was in her so well exprest,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

XIV.

On the monument of the Marquis of WINCHESTER.

He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And 'midst rebellion durst be just and good,
Whose arms asserted, and whose suff'rings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here, rewarded by an heav'nly prince,
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, Reader! that such times no more appear;
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, Heav'n confin'd in thee;
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve,
And fewer such a king so well could serve.
Bless'd king! bless'd subject! whose exalted state
By suff'rings rose, and gave the law to Fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns giv'n
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heav'n.

ODES*.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE III.

scribed to the Earl of ROSSCOMMON, on his intended voyage to Ireland.

O may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
and the Twin Stars, the seed of Jove,
and he who rules the raging wind,
O thee, O sacred Ship! be kind,
and gentle breezes fill thy sails, 5
supplying soft Etesian gales,
I thou, to whom the Muse commends
the best of poets and of friends,
lost thy committed pledge restore,
and land him safely on the shore, 10
and save the better part of me
from perishing with him at sea.
O he, who first the passage try'd,
 harden'd oak his heart did hide, }
and ribs of iron arm'd his side; 15 }
or his at least, in hollow wood
'ho tempted first the briny flood:

* The Translations which follow are foreign to the purpose of this publication, which is confined solely to the *Original Poems* of Mr. Dryden; having a few spare pages towards the close of this volume, it is hoped the Reader will not be displeased to find these occupied by any thing from the hand of this inimitable writer.

Nor fear'd the wind's contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor Hyades portending rain, 20
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of Death could him affright,
Who, unconcern'd, with steadfast sight,
Could view the surges mountain steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep! 25
Could thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships, and men profane, 3
Invade th' inviolable main,
Th' eternal fences overleap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship, can restrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain; 35
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from heav'n the seeds of fire;
A train of ills, a ghastly crew, 40
The robber's blazing track pursue;
Fierce Famine, with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,

And sleeping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
 Comes up to shorten half our date.
 This made not Dedalus beware,
 With borrow'd wings, to sail in air :
 To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
 Plung'd thro' the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
 Nay, scarce the gods, or heav'nly climes,
 Are safe from our audacious crimes ;
 We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
 And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

50

55

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

I.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height,
 Made higher with new mounts of snow ;
 Again behold the winter's weight,
 Oppress the lab'ring woods below ;
 And streams, with icy fetters bound,
 Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

5

II.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
 And feed the genial hearth with fires ;
 Produce the wine that makes us bold,
 And sprightly wit and love inspires ;
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

10

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
 To toss and turn the world below ;

At his command the storms invade,
 The winds by his commission blow,
 Till with a nod he bids 'em cease,
 And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

15

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy;
 Lay hold upon the present hour,
 And snatch the pleasures passing by,
 To put them out of Fortune's pow'r:
 Nor love, nor love's delights, disdain;
 Whete'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

20

V.

Secure those golden early joys,
 That youth, unsour'd with sorrow, bears,
 Ere with'ring Time the taste destroys
 With sickness and unwieldy years.
 For active sports, for pleasing rests,
 This is the time to be possest;
 The best is but in season best.

25

30 }

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
 The pleasing whisper in the dark,
 The half unwilling willing kiss,
 The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
 When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
 And hides but to be found again;

35 }

RACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIX.

used in Pindaric verse, and inscribed to the Right
LAURENCE *Earl of* ROCHESTER.

I.

NDLED of an ancient line,
ng the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
aste to meet the gen'rous wine,
piercing is for thee delay'd :
y wreath is ready made, 5
ful hands prepare
grant Syrian oil that shall perfume thy hair .

II.

he wine sparkles from afar,
e well-natur'd friend cries, Come away,
aste, and leave thy business and thy care ; 10
tal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

for a while, thy costly country seat;
be great indeed, forget
uscous pleasures of the great :
aste, and come : 15
and forsake thy cloying store,
rret, that surveys, from high,
oke, and wealth, and noise, of Rome,
the busy pageantry
ise men scorn and fools adore : 20
give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures
the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
 A short vicissitude and fit of poverty :
 A sav'ry dish, a homely treat,
 Where all is plain, where all is neat, 25
 Without the stately spacious room,
 The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
 Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high ;
 The Syrian star 30
 Barks from afar,
 And with his sultry breath infects the sky ;
 The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us fry.
 The shepherd drives his fainting flock
 Beneath the covert of a rock, 35
 And seeks refreshing riv'lets nigh :
 The Sylvans to their shades retire ;
 Those very shades and streams new shades and streams
 require,

And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging

VI.

[fire.

Thou, what befits the new lord may'r, 40
 And what the City factious dare,
 And what the Gallic arms will do,
 And what the quiver-bearing foe,

k decrees of future fate,
 on their seeds in depth of night ;
 hs at all the giddy turns of state,
 mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

re present smiling hour, 50
 : it out of Fortune's pow'r.
 : of bus'ness, like the running stream,
 times high, and sometimes low,
 ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
 ways in extreme. 55
 ith a noiseless gentle course
 : within the middle bed ;
 lifts aloft the head,
 rs down all before it with impetuous force ;
 nks of trees come rolling down, 60
 nd their folds together drown ;
 use and homested into seas are borne,
 cks are from their old foundations torn,
 ods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd
 nours mourn.

VIII.

the man, and happy he alone, 65
 o can call to-day his own :
 o, secure within, can say,
 row do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
 or foul, or rain, or shine, 69
 rs I have possess'd, in spite of Fate, are mine.

Not Heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune that, with malicious joy,
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy, 75
Is seldom pleas'd to bless;
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life. 80
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm, 86
And virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black? 90
If the mast split, and threaten wreck
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods that will not hear,

HORACE, EPODE II.

For me, secure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blust'ring roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek.
And see the storm ashore.

I

IO.

HORACE, EPODE II.

How happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he
Who leads a quiet country life,
Discharg'd of bus'ness, void of strife,
And from the griping scriv'ner free!

5

Thus ere the seeds of vice were sown,
Ere'd men in better ages born,
Who plough'd with oxen of their own,
In their small paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets summon him to war,
Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
Nor know he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
Nor clamours of contentious law,
Nor court and state he wisely shuns;
Brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
Inervile salutations runs;

10

15

line XII.

T

But either to the clasping vine
Does the supporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning hook disjoin 20
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their stead ;
Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or sheers his overburden'd sheep, 25
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars ;
Or in the now declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear, 30
And clust'ring grapes with purple spread.
The fairest of his fruit he serves,
Priapus ! thy rewards ;
Sylvanus, too, his part deserves,
Whose care the fences guards 35
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted grass, he lies ;
No god of sleep he need invoke,
The stream that o'er the pebbles flies,
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes. 40
The wind that whistles thro' the sprays,
Maintains the concert of the song,
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden sleep prolong

Into the naked woods he goes,
 And seeks the tusky boar to rear
 With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed spear ;
 Or spreads his subtle nets from sight, 50
 With twinkling glasses to betray
 The larks that in the meshes light,
 Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
 Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 No anxious care invades his health, 55
 Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
 But if a chaste and pleasing wife,
 To ease the bus'ness of his life,
 Divides with him his household care, 60
 Such as the Sabine matrons were,
 Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
 Sun-burnt and swarthy tho' she be,
 Will fire for winter nights provide,
 And, without noise, will oversee 65
 His children and his family,
 And order all things till he come,
 Sweaty, and over-labour'd, home :
 If she in pens his flocks will fold,
 And then produce her dairy store, 70
 With wine to drive away the cold,
 And unbought dainties of the poor ;
 Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
 My sober appetite would wish,

Nor turbot, or the foreign fish, 75
That rolling tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly dish:
Not heathpout, or the rarer birds
Which Phasis or Ionia yields,
More pleasing morsels would afford, 80
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than shards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the loosen'd body sound;
Or than the lamb that falls my lot,
To the just guardian of my ground. 85
Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
The jolly shepherd smiles to see
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he,
To view his oxen sweating smoke, 90
Bear on their necks the loosen'd yoke,
To look upon his menial crew,
That sit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome food and country mirth. 95
This Morecraft said within himself;
Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf, 100
Soon split him on the former shelf.



VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry pious mind ;
Come pour thy joys on human-kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

5

O Source of uncreated light !
The Father's promis'd Paraclete ;
Thrice Holy Fount ! thrice Holy Fire
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

10

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'nfold energy !
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command ;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence !

15

}

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
But, oh ! inflame and fire our hearts !

20

**Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;**

T iii

And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down. 25

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive, 30
And practise all that we believe.
Give us thyself that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name : 35
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete ! to thee. 39

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
April 29. 1777.

THE END.







BUCKINGHAM.

W. Kneller del.
London. Printed for J. Bell, at the British Library, Strand.

BELL'S EDITION,
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



BUCKINGHAM
The Nymph foredoom'd the fatal way to pass
Spy'd out the Serpent lurking in the thais
Story of Ophelia's Fate 2 and 3

Printed for John Bell, at the British Library, Strand May



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE MOST NOBLE
JOHN SHEFFIELD,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Muse! 't is enough ; at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for BUCKINGHAM commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail ;
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain :
SHEFFIELD approves, consenting Phoebus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

POPE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
A. no 1780.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE MOST NOBLE
JOHN SHEFFIELD,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,

ODES,

EPISTLES,

SONGS,

PROLOGUES,

CHORUSES,

IMITATIONS,

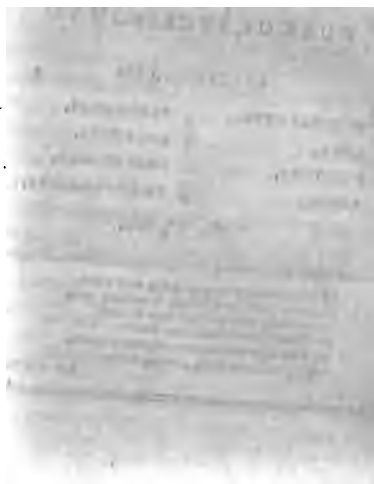
TRANSLATIONS,

Vol. I. II. III.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well-finish'd, nothing shines so much.

ESS. ON POETRY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Annæ 1780.



1944
[Illegible text]

THE LIFE OF
JOHN SHEFFIELD, D. OF BUCKINGHAM.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckinghamshire, a nobleman of distinguished abilities, both natural and acquired, was born in 1649. After the death of his father, Edmund Earl of Mulgrave, which happened in 1658, the care of educating his son, then nine years of age, was committed to a governor. In the then distracted state of the public affairs at home that gentleman travelled into France with his pupil, who was so little satisfied with his tutor's conduct as to dismiss him in a few years*; when the young Earl, finding himself deficient in several branches of learning, took up a noble resolution to supply that defect by

* We are told that, upon their arrival in France, the governor, with great earnestness, cautioned his ward against kneeling whenever he met the host in procession, exhorting him to avoid that compliance with the custom of the country as an act of idolatry; that our young nobleman listening with attention to the charge, resolved to observe it. It was not long before they met such a procession, which happening to be in the dusk of the evening at the corner of a street, to avoid kneeling he made his utmost efforts to slip into a shop so suddenly as to fumble over his governor, who had fallen on his knees the moment that the host appeared. It would be idle to look any further for the cause of his losing all his governing authority. However, it is probable the pupil's uncommon share of good sense would have prevailed so far as to retain him for the advantage of his literary instruction, if he had not found him very facetiously remarking that part of his charge was wrong.

his own industry; and the sequel of these memoirs will in some measure shew to what a degree of perfection he finished his design. However intent as he was to complete that task, his ardent thirst after military glory drew him early into action.

In 1666, at the age of seventeen, he went a volunteer in the first Dutch war to sea. A conduct so devoted to the service of his country procured him the command of one of those independent troops of horse which were raised the following year to defend our coasts from the insults of that enemy. He remained in his quarters at Dover till the conclusion of the peace, when those troops were disbanded; soon after which, at the next meeting of the parliament in October, though so much under the age prefixed for voting in the House of Peers, he received a writ to sit there; which being rejected by the House on that account, he acquiesced not unwillingly, the heat of youth then inclining him more to the affairs of love and gallantry, which, by his own confession, he engaged in with too much eagerness, and even without interruption. However, he did not suffer his pleasures to depress or sink his genius, though he employed his Muse to heighten their relish *, which in that view was far from being strictly chaste. These merits set him in high favour at Court, by which means he was very serviceable in

* Several of his poetical pieces were written in this interval between the first and second Dutch wars.

procuring the Laureat's place in 1668 for Mr. Dryden, whom, as a brother poet, he had taken into his particular friendship. In this interval too nice a sensibility in the point of honour engaged him in a very singular quarrel with Wilmot the witty Earl of Rochester*.

* Being informed that the Earl of Rochester had said something maliciously of him, he immediately sent a meeting of his, Colonel Aston, with a challenge. Wilmot denied the words; and though our challenger was soon convinced his suspicion was false, yet he foolishly thought the mere report obliged him to go on with the quarrel. Since it could not be avoided, Wilmot chose to fight on horseback, and accordingly met our hero next morning at the place appointed; but instead of one Mr. Porter, whom he assured Aston he would make his second, he brought an errant life-guard man whom nobody knew. Mr. Aston taking exception to this, especially on account of his being so much better mounted than they, they all agreed to fight on foot. "But," continues our Author, "as Lord Rochester and I were riding into the next field in order to it, he told me that he had at first chosen to fight on horseback, because he was so weak with a certain distemper that he found himself unfit to fight at all, much less on foot." At this, which was deemed a plain confessing himself a coward, his antagonist, whose anger was appeased by the discovery of the falseness of the charge which had kindled it, pushed him upon the consideration of the necessity there would be, in case they should not fight, of clearing his own character by telling the truth of the matter. Wilmot submitted to the condition, hoping his challenger would not desire the advantage of having to do with any man in so weak a condition. "I replied," continues our Author, "that by such an argument he had sufficiently tied my hands, upon condition I might call our seconds to be witnesses of the whole business, which he consented to, and so we parted." Mr. Aston, on their return to London wrote down every word and circumstance of the whole trans-

At the breaking out of the second Dutch war 1672, he went again to sea, a volunteer under Duke of York, and behaved so gallantly at the famous battle of Solebay, that immediately upon his return to London the King gave him the command of Royal Katharine, the best second-rate ship in the navy, a favour which was in the highest degree acceptable to him. But, notwithstanding that, he did not find him, though at sea, the ensuing year, yet advanced in the post and with the commission of a Colonel, having himself raised a regiment of foot to serve the land forces, sent (with the fleet) under the command of Monsieur de Schomberg, with whom he now lived in a good degree of familiarity and friendship. These forces being set on shore in the summer by the command of the admiral, Prince Rupert

had passed, and dispersed it abroad; which being never at least either contradicted or relented by Lord Rochester, finally ruined his reputation as to courage. So says our Author, and the several challenges which were sent to that Lord afterwards, together with his behaviour on those occasions, full proof of the truth of the fact in general. However, it does not escape the reader's notice that the Earl of Mulgrave defends himself at least equally with his antagonist in this particular.

* The whole forces, both sea and land, were commanded chief by that Prince with the title of Generalissimo. We have the following account of the quarrel betwixt the land and sea commanders, which occasioned this order of the latter, whereby the land forces lay idle at Yarmouth without doing anything the whole summer. It seems Monsieur Schomberg, at the advice of our volunteer, and the consent of the captain of this vessel, he was, had hung up in the throat of one of

ney lay encamped there, our colonel, to the fortification of Schomberg his general, was sent by his Majesty with the promise of a blue sash, and upon his arrival at Court was appointed second of the old Holland regiment, joined to that

of our colonel's regiment, as a signal for the land officers to the ship where their general was, choosing this as more honorable than any of those which belonged to the sea : but not being set up half an hour when, sitting with the admiral on the quarter-deck, a bullet was heard whizzing over the admiral's head, which was presently followed by another. Upon this the admiral began to think cannon-bullets, that came so near at hand, were not for the minding, and were surprised to perceive they were sent from the admiral. All agreeing this was done to express the signal, Clement, captain of the ship, was desired to explain the reason of it. The Prince had sent his order to Whitley, with his positive command to pull down the flag, but he arriving on board the Greyhound just after Clement had left it, Whitley was desired to return an answer, that if his Highness continued in the same order, he would pull down the flag, the admiral, upon hearing the occasion from Clement, the flag should be pulled down immediately. The Prince seeing Whitley's obedience on the Greyhound and the flag not taken down, and Clement just arrived on board him, in great anger ordered him to be clapt into the bilboes, without so much as asking him or his message, and commanded the guns to sink the Greyhound immediately if the flag was not taken down. In this extremity the volunteers of quality on board the Prince, having asked leave, were conveyed at by him to the Greyhound, where they found it easy to persuade the admiral to pull down their flag rather than be sunk ; but they were not able to pacify the general, who insisted on this proceeding to come from an old plaque in France, who, he said, was otherwise too well bred to use an affront and a foreigner in such a brutal manner, as to sink a ship.

of his own raising. By this means he continued in commission after the peace, which was concluded before the expiration of the year, when all the other new colonels were disbanded.

Soon after his instalment into the order of the Garter, May the 29th 1674, he was made Gentleman of the Bedchamber to his Majesty; but being still desirous to exercise and improve his military character, notwithstanding Nature had formed him particularly for shining in a court, he went into the French service, having obtained leave of King Charles to make a campaign under the celebrated Marshal de Turenne.

About this time he had some expectations of having the first regiment of Foot-guards; he depended upon the joint interest of the two Dukes of York and Monmouth, but was disappointed by the latter; upon whose disgrace however, in 1679, the Earl was appointed Lord-lieutenant of the county of York, and Governor of Hull, in his room. The same year he wrote his piece entitled *The Character of a Tory*; and the next year he gave a signal proof of his loyalty in commanding the forces ordered for the relief of Tangier. Having voluntarily offered his service for that command, his honour would not suffer him to recede, notwithstanding he apprehended a design against his life *, by the appointment of a ship to con-

* We are told that some of the Earl's enemies at court took an opportunity to put King Charles out of humour by malic

vey him which the captain often declared to be in a condition not able to endure the voyage. But he survived the danger, and returning from the expedition crowned with success, his Majesty not long after cious stories of him relating to some ladies in whom his Majesty was not unconcerned. That by this and other contrivances all the good ships were otherwise employed, and that when his Lordship represented the unsafe condition of the ship appointed for him, both the Admiralty and the King assured him the ship was safe enough, and that no other could be got ready time enough for his expedition: so that the point being reduced to a struggle between his honour and his life, he preferred the former, and resolved, contrary to the advice of his friends, to venture his life, but at the same time advised several volunteers of distinction to waive the voyage, their honour not being equally concerned. That two days after they set sail the ship leaked in so many places that, notwithstanding the carpenters on board, they owed their safety to the pumps all the remainder of the voyage, which, by the advantage of very fine weather, they finished in three weeks. That arriving at Tangier, they met Admiral Herbert, afterwards Earl of Torrington, who lifted his hands and eyes in amazement of their having performed such a voyage in a ship which he had sent home as unfit for service. While he was at sea we find he wrote a poem called *The Vision*, where, though the tender passion is touched with his usual delicacy, yet it is cast in such a gloomy form as is not common to his Lordship's Muse, and therefore may well be thought to be inspired by the sensibility of his present danger. The following lines, with which this piece concludes, are an exact specimen of the temper of the whole, and will both explain and evince the truth of our remark.

The Spirit then reply'd to all I said,
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate;
Then she will love when 't is, alas! too late;
Of all thy pains she will no pity have,
Fill'd sad despair has sent thee to the grave.

returned likewise to his usual good nature. Throwing away all the Earl's resentment and chagrin, he immediately revived that hearty respect which continually glowed in the breast of this subject, and remained ever after in high favour with that King. By his death the crown devolved upon the late brother. By this change, what had before been the Earl of Mulgrave's dutiful allegiance became an ardent affection. He had never known King Charles any other than his sovereign, a circumstance which naturally creates somewhat of a distant awe to all the gracious princes, but he had long before been in a state of familiar friendship with the Duke of York, which therefore as naturally grew into the same

* We have a remarkable instance to what a relief it is to be carried during the passage to Tangier. Among the persons who had a design of accompanying him, some were dissuaded, but others having spoken their intention to him, thought their honour concerned in keeping him. Among these was the Earl of Plymouth, a natural friend to Charles, who it is said likewise entered heartily into the Earl's cause. They had been a fortnight at sea when the Earl, observing his Majesty's health had never improved, proposed at the General's table, took the liberty to say to him as an omission occasioned through forgetfulness, especially considering a son of his Majesty sat there ever. The General answered he knew it very well, but must wait till he was of his rotten ship before he could make that health round.

† Both his Memoirs and his Account of the Revolution are full of expressions of that kind, that one is apt even to think that the pleasure of that part was the principal motive.

feñionate attachment to King James II. upon whose acceſſion to the throne he was immediately ſworn of the Privy Council, and the 26th of October following was appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Houſehold. His ſincere zeal for his maſter carried him even ſo far as to take a ſeat in the Eccleſiaſtical Commiſſion*. It was this perſonal regard likewise that urged him to oppoſe all ſuch imprudent ſteps which it was foreſeen muſt unavoidably lead to the ruin of that unfortunate Prince †; and the ſame perſonal regard kept him at a great diſtance from having any ſhare in thoſe councils where the meaſures were concerted for bringing about the Revolution.

In eſtabliſhing the new ſettlement of the crown he yielded to the exigency of the occaſion, being fully

* As this was one of the illegal ſteps taken by his maſter, he was in ſome danger of ſmarting for it after the Revolution; in which juncture he had the good fortune to find a friend, where perhaps he leaſt expected it, in Dr. Tillotſon, then Dean of Canterbury, who moſt generously interceding in his behalf procured his pardon.

† He declares that diſlike of the King's meaſures in following the advice of the Roman Catholics, though at the ſame time, to ſhew his reluctance to the diſlike, he ſays, "It ſpread like an infection." "This," ſays he, "reached ſome of his Maſteſty's miniſters themſelves. The Earls of Mulgrave and Middleton, never the leaſt tainted with being either falſe or factious, yet the firſt of them, not only in execution of his office (Lord Chamberlain) aſſiſted openly all the Proteſtant clergy, but abſented himſelf from all the councils; and both of them, in their own juſtification, took all occaſions of deriding the ill advice of the Papſts."

persuaded that the welfare of his country required such a conduct. In this view it was that in the Convention Parliament he both spoke and voted for the conjunctive sovereignty *. However, by that step he greatly obliged the Prince of Orange, who had it much at heart to obtain this advantage over the Princess. The Earl had no employ under the new government for some years.

May the 10th, 1694, he was created Marquis of Normanby, in the county of Lincoln. But neither this testimony of King William's kindness, nor even a personal application, with very advantageous offers from his Majesty †, could prevail upon him to desist from

* We are told that some of his friends had heard him declare he had the following motive for this step, that he thought the title of either person was equal; and since the parliament was to decide the matter, he judged it would much better please the prince, who was now become their protector, and was also in itself a thing more becoming so good a princess as Queen Mary to partake with her husband a crown so obtained, than to possess it entirely as her own.

† We have the following account of this application from the penman of his Character. King William sent one day for the Earl, and, after some little discourse, offered to give him an additional title, with an annual pension of 3000 *l.* and to make him of the Cabinet Council. The Earl gave him many thanks for his intended favours, and asked, with humblest submission, what his Majesty expected from him in return? adding, that he could not deny but that he was engaged in assisting those bills which his Majesty did not at present approve of; he was sorry his Majesty did not; but whether he had the honour or not of serving him, he could not give them up, but must assist their success to his utmost ability.

exerting his utmost vigour to procure and carry through both the treason-bill and that for establishing triennial parliaments. He also opposed with great zeal the act which took away Sir John Fenwick's life. Yet so high was his reputation at Court, that the King took him into the Cabinet Council, and gave him a pension of three thousand pounds a-year. He received with pleasure all these marks of esteem that were paid to his distinguished abilities, though he never had any good liking for that prince. But as soon as Queen Anne came into the possession of the throne, he entered into her service with all the warmth of the most affectionate duty, which was accepted on her part with the truest sincerity. She gave him the Privy Seal, April 21st, 1702, just before her coronation, and presently after it made him Lord-lieutenant and *Custos Rotularum* of the North Riding of Yorkshire. In October following he was also appointed one of the Commissioners to treat of an union between England and Scotland; and, before the expiration of the year, was first created Duke of Normanby, March 9th, and then Duke of Buckinghamshire, the 23d of the same month. He was made, too, one of the Governors of the Charter-house this year; yet he did not sit long easy in his present advantageous situation. He grew by degrees jealous of his rival the Duke of Marlborough, and not brooking the superior power of that favourite with his mistress, he threw up the Privy

Seal entirely against her mind; so that to remove discontentment, and procure a reconciliation, she him an offer of the Lord Chancellor's place, was also refused by him. During this ill-humoured party-prejudice to transport him beyond bounds both of his honour and good sense *. 1705, March 21st, the Queen readily admitted him to kiss her hand upon the marriage of his third son who was a natural daughter to King James II. During this recess from public business he finished

* He threw up the Seals in March, and at the meeting of the new parliament in November following, Lord Haverham moved the House of Peers that the Princess Sophia might be sent into England, as necessary to secure the succession in the case of Hanover. This motion was seconded by the Earl of Bucks, and the Earls of Rochester, Nottingham, and Arundel.

† Her mother was Katharine Sedley, daughter to the famous Sir Charles Sedley. King James, by a warrant dated 1688, dignified his daughter by her with the name of Katharine Darnley, gave her the place of a duke's daughter, and empowered her to bear the royal arms within a compartment, ermine and azure, the azure charged with de-lis of France, and for supporters, on the dexter, unicorn ermine, his horn, main, and hoofs, Or, atoll a chaplet of red roses, barbed and seeded proper, and sinister a goat ermine, horned and hooved azure, with chaplet about his neck as has the dexter. She was then young a widow by James Earl of Anglesey, from whom parted at her own suit, though the Earl long opposed it, by the unanimous consent of both Houses of parliament, for his cruelty and causeless ill usage of her. It was thought that his Lordship had a tincture of distraction, as was plain from his conduct to her. They lived together a year.

in St. James's Park, having before obtained a
of the site of it from the Crown.

he Duke continued out of employ till the general
ge of the ministry in 1710; in effecting which
ad some share, and was presently made Lord
ard of the Houschold, whence he was advanced
ollowing year to be Lord President of the Coun-
He joined in all the measures of that remarkable
try*, (of which himself was a considerable part)
ting in the affair of the Catalans only, whose
and liberties he thought too much exposed by
part of the plan of the peace of Utrecht; and he

Grace was first married to Ursula, daughter of Colonel
l, and widow of Earl Conway. His second wife was Lady
rine, eldest daughter to Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke, wi-
f Baptist Noel Earl of Gainsborough; she died in 1703-4.
ace had no issue by either of these ladies, to whom, we
ld by several, he shewed but little deference: and indeed
tural children he had during these marriages give but
uch room to believe the truth of that censure. However,
ace makes a kind mention, in his Will, of all his wives,
ing that "he had had the most extraordinary blessing of
e kind and excellent wives." He also desired to be bu-
ear his second lady in Westminster-abbey, and intimates
e would have removed the corpse of his first wife to the
grave, had she not lain near her own mother in the
y.

is said he had made his addresses to the Queen in the
love before her marriage with the Prince of Denmark.
s hinted by Mrs. Manley in the style and manner of her
irs of the English Court. Mr. Boyer also takes notice of
s history of this Queen. "Some years," says he, "before
Queen was married to Prince George, the Marquis of

laboured heartily, though without success, to obtain a better security for that ill-fortuned people, who had entirely relied on England for protection. Notwithstanding his disagreement with the Earl of Oxford in this particular, yet he continued his friendship to that minister after his disgrace; and though the Duke, in virtue of his post, became, on the death of the Queen, one of the Lords Justices for governing the kingdom till the arrival of her successor in England, yet he never afterwards entered into any of the concerns at Court, and constantly opposed the steps pursued by the administration, spending some of his leisure hours in the most elegant manner with his Muse*.

In 1716 his lady brought him a son †, whom he left

* Normanby, then Earl of Mulgrave, a nobleman of singular accomplishments both of mind and person, and of a plentiful fortune, aspired so high as to (attempt to) marry the Lady Anne: but though his addresses to her were checked as soon as discovered, yet the Princess had ever an esteem for him."

* Witness his Session of the Poets upon the choice of a Laureat in 1719, and those excellent lines on Mr. Pope. It was at this time also that he wrote his two tragedies of Julius Cæsar and the Death of Brutus; for the latter of which the just-mentioned poet composed two choruses, which were set to music by Signor Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house. Mr. (now Bishop) Warburton observes, that the two choruses were made at the request of the Duke, to adorn a very poor performance of his; and that they have the usual effect of all ill-adjusted ornaments, they make the meanness of the piece more conspicuous.

† She had brought the Duke several children before this; the first, a daughter christened Sophia, who died very young, and

LIFE OF BUCKINGHAM.

the

of nine years old at his death, which happened
1642, 1710-21, at the age of seventy-one. His
body lay magnificently in state for a considerable
time at Buckingham-house, whence it was conveyed
to the greatest funeral pomp to Westminster-abbey,
where, being interred according to his own request, a
stupendous monument was erected afterwards to his
memory in Henry VII. chapel, for which purpose
he left 500*l.* by his will, and directed an epitaph,
written by himself, to be put upon it. But the ex-
pression was omitted by the order of Dr. Akerbury*, then

gave the name of John, who lived but three weeks, and the
year after another son called James, and styled Marquis of Nor-
manby, born Dec. 11. 1644. On his death his father wrote a
tender poem, which ended thus:

But why so much do I
This fatal loss to me
Alas! there's no more
Can tell a parent's

After this there was another daughter christened Sophia Ca-
tharina Henrietta, who lived till she was four years of age.

*The expression was *Christum adorator*, which he thought
intended by the Duke in derogation of the divine nature of the
Son of God; and the next remark will shew he had ground
for that opinion, notwithstanding another worthy clergyman
has likewise shewn the words otherwise fairly capable of
higher meaning, being used by Varro to signify even the high-
est of religious worship, who says, *Venerem et Minorem ad-*
mirari. The original epitaph is

Dubius sed non improbus vi-
lissimus morior sed interbatus.
Non est nefas et error.
Admirari, Deo confido
benivolentissimam
misericordiam.

Dean of that church, who would not suffer it to be there; and indeed the whole, after many deductions of his religious sentiments which are interspersed up and down in his writings, too speaks him a Theist *, yet not without some measure of a superstitious cast in his composition †.

* Among these passages we shall produce only that Ode on Brutus, the rather because it seems to have been written about the same time with the Epitaph.

'Tis said that favourite mankind
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find
'Tis only one man tells another so.
And for this great dominion here
Which over other beasts we claim,
Reason our best credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how absurdly we may see with shame:
Reason, that solemn trifler! light as air,
Driv'n up and down by censure or applause,
By partial love away 'tis blown,
Or the least prejudice can weigh it down;
'Thus our high privilege becomes our snare.
In any nice and weighty cause
How weak at best is Reason! yet the grave
Impose on that small judgment which we have.

† I have ventured to assert this from several passages in his Works, some of the most remarkable of which shall be set before the reader for his judgment. In the poem already quoted, written in his voyage to Tangier, the plan of which was to visit the Moor, he concludes thus;

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haste,
All trembling at my doom;
Dreams oft' repeat adventures past,
And tell our ills to come.

Again, in his Memoirs of himself, speaking of the death of Lord Sandwich, he makes the following remark. He was in Mr. Digby's ship the day before the battle, when he was engaged in fighting, and shewed a gloomy discontent.

r. Pope having declined to write his character, came out in 1723 his Works pompously printed, his picture prefixed, curiously engraved from an oval painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller, as also a

to his usual cheerful humour, that we even then all took of it, but much more afterwards. The next instance is still to our purpose: it is in the same Memoirs where he has several passages in his first adventure at sea. Our fleet, e, happening to go near the shore to take in fresh water, t Rupert dined with a gentleman who lived thereabouts, returning on board in a little boat with only Lord Blaney myself, there happened so sudden and violent a storm that I did not like it, and Prince Rupert began to talk of Prince see being cast away by a like accident. Upon which, cons our Author, I could not but reflect on my family also, my grandfather and three of his brothers had been drown- The Lord Blaney hearing all this, made us all laugh in the of our danger, by swearing that though he liked our anny he wished himself out of it, and in any other boat forever, since he feared the ill fortune of our two families d sink him. The story of his grandfather and three bro- is in the Peerage of England by Mr. Collins, who tells us were in all five brothers, one of whom was drowned in se, three others lost their lives in the passage of Whitgift- over the river Hamble, and the youngest broke his neck saw riding-house which his father had made out of an old crated chapel, according to Sir William Dugdale. This r was the first Earl of Mulgrave in the family, being crea- by Queen Elizabeth, by whose express command he, a- g other English lords, attended the Duke of Anjou to Ant- 3; and being in the famous sea-fight against the Spaniards 53, who had threatened an invasion, was knighted by the Admiral for his gallant deportment and memorable ser- in that engagement. He was afterwards appointed Go- or of the Briel in Zealand, and made a knight of the Gar- The title of Lord Sheffield of Butterwick was first given

With regard to his countenance, it was in his person his Grace was the most agreeable, the most exactly shaven, the most agreeable long waisted, and rather the most agreeable shoulders, yet all together the most agreeable of quality than most of the great men of temporaries. He was a tall man, his face being a regular oval, his eyes were well proportioned. His countenance was of ordinary sweetness, but his smile was a look, which at first sight, made it plain, that great understanding and great power, such various proofs. His countenance was a laughing heart, which was not so agreeable to any body, was not so agreeable to any body. And as it was agreeable to any body, exceeded him in perfectness, and he was ever to agreeable with it.

As to his manners, he was very agreeable, and to be very agreeable, and he was really good-natured, and he was facing in the firsts any one, and he was several times been touched, and he was into his eyes. He was off, and he was reading a melancholy story, and he was and generous behaviour. He was and sometime-quick upon people, and he was no ostension; which was the only manner of

familiar friends, or gentlemen who came freely to visit him; but then he was never easy till he had made them some amends. When he was disobliged by his equals, or even by his King to his thinking not well treated, he carried it pretty high till he had got the better of the first, and prevailed on the other to change his proceedings more to his satisfaction. But except upon such occasions no man on earth could carry himself with more good breeding and humanity. And in all his conversations with his inferiors, you could not think he judged there was any difference betwixt him and them. He would talk as familiarly to his servants as if he was not their master, and often said, "I was angry with you a little time ago, but I don't mean half the things I say in a passion."

He was by many thought not to have made a very good husband to his first and second wives; yet this second had by a former husband two daughters, whom he always treated with the greatest respect and kindness, as themselves always acknowledged; and after her death he contributed to marry one of her daughters to one of the best matches in the kingdom,

The liberties which he allowed himself in relation to the ladies are well known. Yet this ought to be remarked as a proof of his good sense, that none of his mistresses could ever prevail upon him to marry foolishly, or ever gained too great an ascendant over him: and some years before his death he shewed a

good deal of concern for that kind of libertinism into which an impetuosity of temper, too much neglected in his education, together with the prevailing fashion of that Court in which he lived, had too often hurried him.

He was by his worst enemies allowed to have lived always very kindly with his last wife. Whenever she was very ill or in danger, which generally happened when she was with child, or at her lying-in, he shewed all possible marks of concern; and when there was more than ordinary danger, his servants often found him on his knees at prayers; and on those occasions he has made vows, in case she recovered, to give in charities sometimes two hundred, sometimes three hundred pounds at a time, which he performed, and actually.

He was thought to be too saving in money matters, but that opinion was occasioned by little trifling accidents, or rather an humour which in life, et people knew not how to manage; for in reality he was not to be called covetous. It is certain his affection to his last duchess over-balanced his disposition that way, for he always paid her pin-money to a day; and notwithstanding some ill accidents in his fortune might have justified an omission or delay, when her pension from the Crown of 1200 *l.* a-year, part of the provision made for her by King James II. & the payment of which, by the ill offices of a favourite at Court, had

been for some time discontinued) and when by a just representation to Queen Anne by Lord-Treasurer Oxford that pension began to be repaid, he always brought the money to her, desiring her to take what part of it she pleased for her own use, of which she always took one third. But there is a strong indication of his neglecting money matters too much. He lost a great part of his fortune merely through an indolence and unwillingness to take the pains to visit his estates at some distance from London in the space of forty years.

In a word, he was a good husband, a just and tender father, a constant zealous friend, and, one may add, the most agreeable of companions.

As to religion, Bishop Burnet tells us he was looked on as indifferent to all particular professions, and that he was apt to comply in every thing that might be acceptable to King James, going with his Majesty to mass and kneeling at it; so that when that court thought of making converts to Popery, and the priests made an attack upon him, he told them he was willing to receive instructions; that he had taken much pains to bring himself to believe in God, who made the world and all men in it, but it must not be an ordinary force of argument that could make him believe that man was quits with God, and made God.

His Grace's only surviving child, Edmond, was a youth of the greatest hopes. He was left solely to the

care of his mother, and being of a weakly constitution was carried by her, who constantly attended him, soon after his father's death, into foreign parts on account of his health, which obliged him to reside a great part of his time out of his native country. He was admitted, on the 26th of July 1732, of Queen's College in Oxford, and resided there about a year and a half, only during the public act in 1733 he retired from the college, his modesty not permitting him to assist at that solemnity, in which it is usual for the academical nobles to pronounce exercises in public. Tender as he was, yet fired with the example of his ancestors, many of whom had signalized themselves in the wars, in 1734 he went a volunteer into the French army, then under the command of his uncle the Duke of Berwick in Germany, whom he served as Aid-de-camp at the sieges of Fort Kehl and Philipburgh, till the Marshal lost his head by a cannon-ball from the walls of the latter. This catastrophe put an end to the nephew's campaign. The next year intending to try the air of Naples, he advanced in his way thither as far as Rome, where he found his strength so much wasted, that he was not able to pursue the journey any farther. He remained in this city till the very last shock of his distemper, which he sustained with admirable fortitude and resignation, saying, "He would ride out the storm in the chair wheelbarrow." He died Oct. 30th, 1735, at Rome, leaving behind him

not without some envy, I was loath to be informed how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed, in better verse, and with more judgment, than I could teach others.

I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess; but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets, who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure, &c.

DRYDEN. *Ibid.*

This is but doing justice to my country, part of which honour will reflect on your Lordship, whose thoughts are always just, your numbers harmonious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your example would make all precepts needless. In the meantime, that little you have writ is owned, and that particularly by the poets, (who are a nation not over-lavish of praise to their contemporaries) as a particular ornament of our language: but the sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses.

DRYDEN. *Dedication to Aurengzebe.*

How great and manly in your Lordship is your

tempt of popular applause, and your retired virtue which shines only to a few, with whom you live
ily and freely, that you make it evident you have
which is capable of all the tenderness of friend-
and that you only retire yourself from those
are not capable of returning it! Your kindness,
e you have once placed it, is inviolable; and it
that only I attribute my happiness in your love.
makes me more easily forsake an argument on
h I could otherwise delight to dwell, I mean
judgment in your choice of friends, because I
the honour to be one: after which, I am sure,
will more easily permit me to be silent in the care
have taken of my fortune, which you have rescued
nly from the power of others, but from my worst
emies, my own modesty and laziness; which
ir, had it been employed on a more deserving
ct, had been an effect of justice in your nature,
s placed on me is only charity: yet, withal, it is
rred on such a man as prefers your kindness to
efore any of its consequences, and who values
: greatest of your favours those of your love and
ar conversation. From this constancy to your
is I might reasonably assume that your resent-
s would be as strong and lasting, if they were not
ined by a nobler principle of good-nature and
rosity; for certainly it is the same composition
ind, the same resolution and courage, which

makes the greatest friendships and the greatest enmities. To this firmness in all your actions (though you are wanting in no other ornaments of mind and body, yet to this) I principally ascribe the interest your merits have acquired you in the royal family. A prince who is constant to himself, and steady in all his undertakings; one with whom the character of Horace will agree,

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum forient ruinae.*

Such a one cannot but place an esteem, and repose a confidence, on him whom no adversity, no change of courts, no bribery of interest, or cabal of factions, or advantages of fortune, can remove from the solid foundations of honour and fidelity.

*Ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores
Abstulit, ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.*

How well your Lordship will deserve that praise I need no inspiration to foretel: you have already left no room for prophesy: your early undertakings have been such, in the service of your king and country, when you offered yourself to the most dangerous employment, that of the sea; when you chose to abandon those delights to which your youth and fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worse, the company, of common seamen, that you have made it evident you will refuse no opportunity of rendering yourself useful to the nation, when either

of BURNET. *Preface to Sir T. More's Utopia.*

language is now certainly properer and more
 l than it was formerly, chiefly since the cor-
 1 that was given by the Rehearsal; and it is to
 ed that the Essay on Poetry, which may be
 atched with the best pieces of its kind that even
 lus's age produced, will have a more powerful
 ion, if clear sense, joined with home but gentle
 fs, can work more on our writers than that
 ciful exposing of them has done.

ADDISON. *Spectator*, N^o. 253.

have three poems in bur tongue which are of
 me nature, and each of them a masterpiece in
 d, the Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on
 r, and the Essay on Criticism.

LANDSLOWNE. *Essay on Unnatural Flights, &c.*

Mulgrave rose, Roscommon next, like light,
 ar our darkness, and to guide our flight;
 steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
 gave us patterns, and they set us bounds.
 tagyrite and Horace laid aside,
 n'd by them we need no foreign guide:
 seek from poetry a lasting name,
 in their lessons learn the road to fame.

PRIOR. *Alma, Cant. 2.*

Happy the poet, bless'd the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

GARTH. *Dispensary.*

Now Tyber's streams no courtly Gallus see,
But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanby.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism.*

Yet some there were among the founder few,
Of those who less presum'd and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws:
Such was the Muse whose rules and practice tell
"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

POPE. *Miscellanies.*

Muse! 't is enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain:
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

To the Memory of
JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

These Lines were Written

REMAINS,

Effortment of his Mind, and more perfect Image of himself,

Are here collected by the direction of

KATHERINE HIS DUCHESS,

Desiring that his

ASHES MAY BE HONOURED,

And his

FAME AND MERIT

Committed to the test of

TIME, TRUTH, AND POSTERITY.

MISCELLANIES.

THE DREAM.

† to throw me at the feet
 : fair nymph whom I adore,
 ent those delights to meet
 I enjoy'd the night before ;

By her wonted scornful brow
Soon the fond mistake I find;
Ixion mourn'd his error so,
When Juno's form the cloud resign'd.

Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
Than waking joys, which most prevail,
Had cunningly itself disguis'd
In a shape that could not fail.

There my Celia's snowy arms,
Breasts, and others parts more dear,
Exposing new and unknown charms,
To my transported soul appear.

Then you so much kindness show,
My despair deluded flies,

And indulgent Dreams bestow
What your cruelty denies.

Blush not that your image Love
Naked to my fancy brought;
'Tis hard, methinks, to disapprove
The joys I feel without your fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd bliss
Can such griefs as mine remove;
That honour as fantastic is

The virtue which you value so
 Is but a fancy frail and vain; 30
 Nothing is solid here below
 Except my love and your disdain. 32

THE WARNING.

LOVERS, who waste your thoughts and youth
 In passion's fond extremes,
 Who dream of women's love and truth,
 And dote upon your dreams;

I should not here your fancy take 5
 From such a pleasing state,
 Were you not sure at last to wake,
 And find your fault too late.

Then learn betimes the love which crowns
 Our cares is all but wiles, 10
 Compos'd of false fantastic frowns,
 And soft dissembling smiles.

With anger, which sometimes they feign,
 They cruel tyrants prove,
 And then turn flatterers again 1
 With as affected love.

As if some injury was meant
To those they kindly us'd,
Those lovers are the most content
That have been still refus'd.

Since each has in his bosom nurst
A false and fawning foe,
'Tis just and wise, by striking first,
To 'scape the fatal blow.

THE VENTURE.

Oh, how I languish! what a strange
Unruly fierce desire!

My spirits feel some wondrous change,
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiser thoughts, away!
In vain your tale ye tell
Of patient hopes and dull delay,
Love's soppy part; farewell.

Suppose one week's delay would give
All that my wishes move,
Oh! who so long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the rack of love?

al perhaps is too sublime
: such slavish fear;
ion, prudence, all is crime,
condemn'd by her. 15

honour does the soldier call
ie unequal fight,
'd to conquer or to fall
his general's fight; 20

c'd the happy hero lives;
l Fate denies,
ble rashness Heav'n forgives,
loriously he dies. 24

THE RELAPSE.

children in a starry night,
I beheld those eyes before,
l with wonder and delight,
ble of all their power.

d about the flame so long, 5
I felt the scorching fire;
opes were weak, my passion strong,
lay dying with desire.

By all the helps of human art
I just recover'd so much sense 10
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair but fatal influence.

But since you shine away despair,
And now my sighs no longer shun,
No Persian in his zealous prayer 15
So much adores the rising sun.

If once again my vows displease,
There never was so lost a lover.
In love, that languishing disease,
A sad Relapse we ne'er recover. 20

THE RECOVERY.

SIGHING and languishing I lay,
A stranger grown to all delight,
Passing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care 30
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with despair,
Neglecting all the world beside;

MISCELLANIES.

41

Some angel from above,
Came to my relief,
I found the joys of love
Amends for all the grief.

10

ding hopes I now pursue
If you could prove unjust ;
Fes from Heav'n and you
Impious to mistrust ?

15

My doubts and troubles end,
Your word my soul assures ;
Vain, since I depend
Your own desert but your's.

20

THE CONVERT.

And, as true Converts die,
With fervent thoughts inflam'd,
! at your feet I lie,
My faults asham'd.

Alas! have I abus'd
Your ocent and sacred flame,
Whom liveliest pow'r have us'd
As an idle name.

5

But since so freely I confess
A crime which may your scorn produce, 10
Allow me now to make it less
By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue;
Variety was all my bliss;
But ignorant of love and you, 15
How could I chuse but do amiss?

If ever now my wand'ring eyes
Seek out amusements as before;
If e'er I look but to despise
Such charms, and value your's the more, 20

May sad remorse and guilty shame
Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
May I lose all in losing thee! 24

THE SURPRISE.

SAFELY, perhaps, dull crowds admire,
But I, alas! am all on fire.

MISCELLANIES.

43

the pangs of jealous pain,
 ne the blasts of cold disdain,
 up'd at length the mighty gains,
 reward of all our pains!

10

hat was all such grief or joy
 my heedless ears employ?
 rams of feign'd fantastic pow'rs,
 life's ease of idle hours;

ent, humour, affectation,
 d with this sublimer passion,
 aptures, bright as those above,
 the flames of zeal or love.

15

ink not, Fairest! what I sing
 a love Platonic spring,
 nal softness (false and vain)
 e heart, but of the brain.

20

indeed above all nature,
 wretched human creature,

thy gentle generous aid,
 nd, rivals, friends, afraid,

25

ll this seraphic fire

st dying with desire,

er wishes, ardent thoughts,

commit love's wildest faults;

30

ve are on Sundays told

r Patriarch did of old)

orce a blessing from those charms,

p an angel in my arms.

34

THE VISION.

*Written during a sea voyage, when sent to command the
forces for the relief of Tangier.*

WITHIN the silent shades of soft repose,
Where Fancy's boundless stream for ever flows;
Where the enfranchis'd soul at ease can play,
Tir'd with the toilsome bus'ness of the day;
Where princes gladly rest their weary heads, 5
And change uneasy thrones for downy beds;
Where seeming joys delude despairing minds,
And where ev'n Jealousy some quiet finds;
There I and Sorrow for a while could part,
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a sighing heart. 10

But here too soon a wretched lover found
In deepest griefs the sleep can ne'er be found;
With strange surprise my troubled fancy brings
Odd antic shapes of wild unheard-of things;
Dismal and terrible they all appear, 15
My soul was shook with an unusual fear.
But as when visions glad the eyes of saints,
And kind relief attends devout complaints,
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will shine,
And spreads a glory round that's all divine; 20
Just such a bright and beauteous form appears,

shape was then before me brought
'er saw or fancy ever thought :
are words to shew such excellence, 25
confounds the soul as well as sense!
our eyes transporting pleasure find,
here, but strikes the very mind.
speaks her praise; no human tongue
utmost art must do her wrong. 30
oman that has pow'r to kill,
good enough to want the will,
no soft alluring words repeat,
looks of languishing deceit.
beauty, always in the wrong, 35
some pride must to its pow'r belong :
ted, and an haughty mien,
that seems to say I would be seen :
omankind this only she,
arms, and from its frailty free; 40
ne nobler Muse her fame to raise,
he whole sex beside her pyramid of praise.
ear'd the source of all my joys,
care that all my thought employs :
ook'd, as when I left her last, 45
he seiz'd my heart, and held it fast;
vows, alas! were made too late,
om came not from her but Fate.
en she eas'd my raging pain,
d eyes could scarce from tears refrain : 50

"Why, gentle Swain!" said she, "why do you grieve

"In words I should not hear, much less believe?"

"I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,

"And ought to fly the danger which I find :

"Of false mankind tho' you may be the best, 55

"Ye all have robb'd poor women of their rest.

"I see your pain, and see it too with grief,

"Because I would, yet must not, give relief.

"Thus, for a husband's sake as well as your's,

"My scrupulous soul divided pain endures; 60

"Guilty, alas! to both : for thus I do

"Too much for him, yet not enough for you.

"Give over, then, give over, hapless Swain!

"A passion moving, but a passion vain :

"Not chance nor time shall ever change my thought :

"'Tis better much to die than do a fault." 66

Oh, worse than ever! Is it then my doom

Just to see heav'n, where I must never come?

Your soft compassion, if not something more,

Yet I remain as wretched as before; 70

The wind indeed is fair, but, ah! no sight of shore.

Farewell, too scrupulous Fair-one! oh! farewell;

What torments I endure no tongue can tell:

Thank Heav'n my fate transports me now where I,

Your martyr, may with ease and safety die. 75

With that I kneel'd, and seiz'd her trembling hand,

While she impos'd this cruel kind command:

re on; you will be true, I know;
 , and come back to tell me so;
 ish at this last guilty breath, 80
 that better than your death."
 kindness! barbarous reprieve!
 die, and yet compell'd to live!
 scene my dream repeated o'er,
 in real truth before. 85
 men fell grovelling to the ground,
 n rais'd, I, wond'ring, found
 arance all in taintless white;
 reverence, and his face delight;
 greatness in his eyes were seen, 90
 , and affable his mien.
 : of me thus he took;
 these flowing eyes, this ghastly look,
 ling joints, this loose dishevell'd hair,
 dew, the drops of deep despair?"
 nd wonder first my spirits faint, 96
 I vented my complaint:
 h whom cruel Fate has found,
 th of all misfortune drown'd.
 nymph to whom an envy'd swain ice
 en's ceremonious chain;
 h charms of such a marriage-bed,
 nanna, yet he longs for bread,
 husband-like, not only range
 s of nothing else but change, 105

But to inferior beauty prostrate lies,
And courts her love in scorn of Flavia's eyes.

- " All this I knew, (tho' forth diving reply'd)
" And did but ask to have thy temper try'd,
" Which prove sincere. Of both I know the end
" She is too scrupulous, and thou too kind :
" But since thy fatal love's for ever fix'd,
" Whatever time or absence comes betwixt ;
" Since thy fond heart ev'n her disdain prefers
" To others' love, I'll something soften her's ;
" Else in the search of virtue she may stray ;
" Well-meaning mortals should not lose their way
" She now indeed sins on the safer side,
" For hearts too loose are never to be ty'd ;
" But no extremes are either good or wise,
" And in the midst alone true virtue lies.
" When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,
" 'Tis a mere contract made by human care,
" By which they both are for convenience ty'd,
" The bridegroom yet more strictly than the bride
" For circumstances alter ev'ry ill,
" And woman meets with most temptation still
" She a forsaken bed must often bear,
" While he can never fail to find her there,
" And therefore less excus'd to range elsewhere.
" Yet this she ought to suffer, and submit :
" But when no longer for each other fit,
" If usage base shall just resentment move,

gation after that remains: . 135
 an, not just, to wear a rival's chains.
 leccancy requires the wonted cares
 est, children, and remote affairs;
 ver love, that dear concern of life,
 the while may be another's wife: 140
 ,that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd bed,
 a lover in her husband's stead."
 me at his feet, his robes would kifs, :
 —Ev'n our base world is just in this;
 r censures love we gently blzme, 145
 sometimes preserves a female fame.
 less strong can woman's will restrain?
 our checks, and conscience pleads in vain;
 rents' threats and friends' persuasions fail,
 'rest and ambition scarce prevail, 150
 that sex when nothing else can move,
 ive reserv'd to please the man they love!
 irit then reply'd to all I said,
 y be kind, but not till thou art dead;
 thy memory, bemoan thy fate; 155
 ie will love, when 't is, alas! too late:
 hy pains she will no pity have
 ' despair has sent thee to the grave."
 d, I wak'd in haste,
 ling at my doom; 160
 ft' repeat adventures past,
 our ills to come. 162

THE RAPTURE.

I YIELD, I yield, and can no longer stay
 My eager thoughts, that force themselves away.
 Sure none inspir'd (whose heat transports them still
 Above their reason, and beyond their will)
 Can firm against the strong impulse remain;
 Censure itself were not so sharp a pain.
 Let vulgar minds submit to vulgar sway;
 What ignorance shall think, or Malice say,
 To me are trifles, if the knowing few,
 Who can see faults, but can see beauties too, 1
 Applaud that genius which themselves partake,
 And spare the Poet for the Muse's sake.

The Muse, who raises me from humble ground,
 To view the vast and various world around;
 How fast I mount! in what a wondrous way 1
 I grow transported to this large survey!
 I value earth no more, and far below
 Methinks I see the busy pigmies go.
 My soul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
 Above the common tracks of vulgar thought: 2
 With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
 And with contempt look down on human care.

Airy Ambition, ever soaring high,
 Stands first expos'd to my censorious eye.
 Behold some toiling up a slipp'ry hill, 2
 Where, tho' arriv'd, they must be toiling still:

h unsteady feet juſt fall'n to ground,
 t top, whoſe heads are turning round.
 igh ſphere it happens ſtill that ſome
 : unfit are forwardeſt to come; 30
 ng theſe are princes forc'd to chuſe,
 ut ſuch as would perhaps reſuſe.
 o great is ſafely plac'd on none,
 i becomes a dragon or a drone;
 miſs and negligent of all, 35
 mperious and tyrannical.
 uſe inſpires me now to look again,
 i meaner ſort of ſordid men
 n little heaps of yellow duſt,
 deſpiſing honour, eaſe, and luſt. 40
 : bards, expreſſing how it ſhines,
 with envy what the miſer finds;
 eaps of dirt it ſeems to me,
 e ſuch deſpicable vermine ſee,
 p thro' filth a thouſand crooked ways, 45
 of infamy or praiſe;
 ith guilt, they ſtill purſue their courſe,
 reſtrain'd by love or friendſhip's force.
 enlarge on ſuch an obvious thought,
 heir folly, which tranſcends their fault! 50
 ir cares and cautions only tend
 he means, and then to loſe the end;
 es in romances, ſtill in fight
 eſſes that yield them no delight.

This of all vice
 Gold is itself the
 Oh, happy time
 E'er tempted for
 Cattle or corn, as
 Was all their we
 Corn was too bu
 And bellowing
 Ev'n traffic now
 And ev'ry wind b
 By trade we flouri
 But av'rice and ex
 Thus far the Ma
 Fix'd on the dull be
 But now, more ple
 Of luxury, and all
 Dear Luxury! thou
 Rise of the mean, a
 Thou sure presage
 The bane of empire
 Armies in vain resist
 Not the worst condu
 Thus Rome herself,
 And did by virtue al
 Was by her own

submit to Beauty's sway;
 nor prince than they,
 quishing, with all its pride, 140
 the lover's side.

Soft enchanting charm,
 and heart are both too warm.
 And with all their faults;
 we into softest thoughts: 145
 which our peace destroys,
 I describe the joys.

As reign, (I fear too short)
 shall be my future sport. 149
 : torch put out, his arrows broke,
 sins, and from th' engaging yoke,
 as I'll sing such counter-charms,
 in their lovers' arms.

Stic fit is spent,
 and too late repent. 155

And dreams oft' climb too high
 with a waking eye,
 tempts are blindly bold,
 hey tremble to behold;
 lies of my pen, 160

is return'd again;
 rise, my fate accuse,
 ensuring the sacred Muse.

At of the railing pit,
 h the wrong side of wit, 165

This of all vice does most debuse the mind;
Gold is itself th' alloy to human-kind.
Oh, happy times! when no such thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part or foes to join!
Cattle or corn, among those harmless men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and silver then:
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bri
Ev'n traffic now is intercourse of ill,
And ev'ry wind brings a new mischief still.
By trade we flourish in our leaves and fruit,
But a'rice and excess devour the root.

Thus far the Muse unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull less happy forts of sin;
But now, more pleas'd, she views the diff'rent w
Of luxury, and all its charms surveys.
Dear Luxury! thou soft but sure deceit!
Rise of the mean, and ruin of the great!
'Thou sure presage of ill-approaching fates,
'The bane of empires and the change of states!
Armies in vain resist thy mighty pow'r;
Not the worst conduct would confound them mor
Thus Rome herself, while o'er the world she flew
And did by virtue all that world subdue,

But, oh ! what need have we abroad to roam,
 Who feel too much the sad effects at home
 Of wild excess ! which we so plainly find 85
 Decays the body and impairs the mind.
 But yet grave sops must not presume from hence
 To flight the sacred pleasures of the sense.
 Our appetites are Nature's laws, and giv'n
 Under the broad authentic seal of Heav'n. 90
 Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
 To put restraint on innocent delight,
 But Heav'n and Nature's always in the right : }
 They would not draw poor wretched mortals in,
 Or give desires that shall be doom'd for sin. 95
 Yet that in height of harmless joy we may
 Last to old age, and never lose a day,
 Amidst our pleasures we ourselves should spare,
 And manage all with temperance and care.
 The gods forbid but we sometimes may steep 100
 Our joys in wine, and lull our cares asleep ;
 It raises nature, ripens seeds of worth,
 As moist'ning pictures calls the colours forth ;
 But if the varnish we too oft' apply,
 Alas ! like colours, we grow faint, and die. 105
 Hold, hold, impetuous Muse ! I would restrain
 Her over-eager heat, but all in vain ;
 Abandon'd to delights, she longs to rove ;
 I check'd her here, and now she flies to love ;

Shews me some rural nymph, by shepherd chas'd,
Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd: 111
The grass by her, as she by him, is prest;
For shame, my Muse! let fancy goe its rest:
At such a point fancy can never stay,
But flies beyond whatever you can say. 112
Behold the silent shades, the am'rous grove,
The dear delights, the very act of love.
This is his lowest sphere, his country scene,
Where Love is humble, and his fare but mean;
Yet springing up without the help of art, 120
Leaves a sincerer relish in the heart,
More healthfully, tho' not so finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
But 't is in courts where most he makes a show,
And, high-enthron'd, governs the world below: 125
For tho' in histories learn'd Ignorance
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
Love will in those disguises often smile,
And knows the cause was kindness all the while.
What story, place, or person, cannot prove 130
The boundless influence of mighty Love?
Where'er the sun can vigorous heat inspire
Both sexes glow, and languish with desire.

I mean to flight the soft enchanting charm,
 But, oh! my head and heart are both too warm.
 I love on woman-kind with all their faults;
 Love turns my satire into softest thoughts. 145
 Of all that passion which our peace destroys,
 Instead of mischiefs I describe the joys.
 But short will be his reign, (I fear too short)
 And present cares shall be my future sport. 149
 Then Love's bright torch put out; his arrows broke,
 Loose from kind chains, and from th' engaging yoke,
 All fond thoughts I'll sing such counter-charms,
 The fair shall listen in their lovers' arms.
 Now the enthusiastic fit is spent,
 I feel my weakness, and too late repent. 155
 As they who walk in dreams oft' climb too high
 For sense to follow with a waking eye,
 And in such wild attempts are blindly bold,
 Which afterwards they tremble to behold;
 So I review these sallies of my pen, 160
 And modest reason is return'd again;
 My confidence I curse, my fate accuse,
 Scarce hold from censuring the sacred Muse.
 No wretched poet of the railing pit,
 No critic curs'd with the wrong side of wit, 165

Is more severe from ignorance and spite,
 'Than I with judgment against all I write. 167

THE MIRACLE, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they flight ;
 'They neither act nor reason right,
 And nothing mind but pence.
 Unskilful they victorious are,
 Conduct a kingdom without care, 5
 A council without sense.

So Moses once, and Joshua,
 And that virago Debora,
 Bestrid poor Israel :
 Like reverence pay to these ; for who 10
 Could ride a nation as they do
 Without a Miracle ? 12

THE ELECTION OF

A POET-LAUREAT, 1719.

A FAMOUS assembly was summon'd of late ;
 'To crown a new Laureat came Phœbus in state,
 With all that Montfaucon himself could desire,
 His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain hope,
 From Cibber and Dursley to Prior and Pope; 10
 Phœbus smil'd on these last, but yet ne'ertheless,
 Said he hop'd they had got enough by the press.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber, [der,
 Which from Tonsen to Curll every press had groan'd un-
 Came Blackmore, and cry'd, "Look! all these are my
 "But at present I beg you'd but read my Essays," [lays,

Lampooners and critics rush'd in like a tide, 17
 Stern Dennis and Gildon came first side by side;
 Apollo confess'd that their lasses had stings,
 But beadles and hangmen were never chose kings. 20

Steele long had so cunningly manag'd the Town,
 He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
 Apollo denurr'd as to granting his wish,
 But wish'd him good luck in his project of fish.

Lame Congreve, unable such things to endure, 25
 Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;
 To refuse such a writer Apollo was loth,
 And almost inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham came, he scarce car'd to be seen,
 Till Phœus desir'd his old friend to walk in; 30
 But a Lareat peer had never been known;
 The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind god had been he'er in the land,
 To break an obstacle, yet he well knew his mind,
 Who of such preference would only make sport,
 And laugh'd at all suitors for places at court.

Notwithstanding this law, yet Lansdowne wast not
 But Apollo with kindness his indolence bless'd,
 And said he would chuse him, but that he should find
 An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate * for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
 Apollo soon misa'd, and he needs not be nam'd,
 Since amidst a whole bench, of which some are so high,
 No one of them shines so learn'd and polite.

To Shippen Apollo was cold with respect,
 Since he for the state could the Muses neglect;
 But said in a greater assembly he shin'd,
 And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trapp, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
 For some things writ well; but Apollo declar'd
 That one was too flat, the other too rough,
 And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,
 Said those works must be good which had Addison's
 But Apollo reply'd, Child Eustace, 't is known [praise;
 If you can fill him with that spirit, then

Philips came forth, as starch as a Quaker,
 simple profession 's a Pastoral-maker;
 advis'd him from playhouse to keep,
 pe to nought else but his dog and his sheep. 60

as, Fenton, and Gay, came last in the train,
 modest to ask for the crown they would gain;
 as thought them too bashful, and said they would
 boldness, if ever they hop'd to succeed. [need

as, now driven to a cursed quandary, 65
 fishing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary;
 and honest Tom Southerne but been within call--
 last he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all :

aspying one who came only to gaze,
 r of verse, and despiser of plays, 70
 in great form, without any delay,
 a zealous fanatic) presented the bay.

as wits stood astonish'd at hearing the god
 rely pronounce an election so odd;
 as ' Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,
 thers were ready to sink in the place. 76

ne thought the vacancy open was kept,
 ding the bigot would never accept;
 as hypocrite told them he well understood, 79
 ac function was wicked the stipend was good.

At last in rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, "Who shall have it
 "But I, the true Laureat, to whom the King gave it?"
 Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
 But vow'd tho' till then he ne'er heard of his name. 84

LOVE'S SLAVERY.

GRAVE fops my envy now beget,
 Who did my pity move;
 They, by the right of wanting wit,
 Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, because they are
 By that defect secure
 From slavery and toils of war,
 Which all the rest endure.

So I, who suffer cold neglect
 And wounds from Celia's eyes,
 Begin extremely to respect
 These fools that seem so wise.

'Tis true they fondly set their hearts
 On things of no delight;
 To pass all day for men of parts
 They pass alone the night.

10

15

But Celia never breaks their rest;
 Such servants she disdains;
 And so the steps are dally blest,
 While I endure her chains.

ON DON ALONZO'S
 BEING KILLED IN PORTUGAL,
 UPON ACCOUNT OF THE INFANTA,
 IN THE YEAR 1683.

IN such a cause no Muse should fail
 To bear a mournful part;
 'Tis just and noble to bewail
 The fate of fall'n Defert,

In vain ambitious hopes design'd
 To make his soul aspire,
 If love and beauty had not join'd
 To raise a brighter fire,

Amidst so many dang'rous foes
 How weak the wisest prove!
 Reason itself would scarce oppose,

And seems agreed with love.

If from the glorious height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright Beauty calls,
An empire is the prize.

ON ONE WHO DIED DISCOVERING HER KIND

SOME vex their souls with jealous pain,
While others sigh for cold disdain:
Love's various slaves we daily see,
Yet happy all compar'd with me.

Of all mankind I lov'd the best
A nymph so far above the rest,
'That we outshin'd the bless'd above,
In beauty she, and I in love;

And therefore they who could not bear
'To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themselves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.

All other fate I could have borne,
And ev'n endure'd her very scorn;
But, oh! thus all at once to find
'That dread account, both dead and kind!
What heart can hold! If yet I live,

ON LUCINDA'S DEATH.

all ye doleful dismal cares
 ver haunted guilty mind,
 ngs of love when it despairs,
 I those stings the jealous find :
 heart-breaking tho' ye be, 5
 welcome, welcome all to me !

ow have lost—but, oh ! how much ?
 guage, nothing can express,
 my grief ! for she was such,
 raises would but make her less. 10
 io can ever dare to raise
 ice on her unless to praise ?

om her sex's smallest faults,
 ir as womankind can be ;
 r and warm as lovers' thoughts, 15
 ld to all the world but me :
 hls nothing now remains
 ly sighs and endless pains. 18

ON

MR. HOBBS AND HIS WRITINGS.

SUCH is the mode of these censorious days,
 The art is lost of knowing how to praise.
 Poets are envious now, and fools alone
 Admire at wit, because themselves have none.
 Yet whatsoe'er is by vain critics thought, 5
 Praising is harder much than finding fault.
 In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel;
 Italians only can draw Beauty well.

As strings alike wound up so equal prove,
 That one resounding makes the other move; 10
 From such a cause our satires please so much,
 We sympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
 And as the sharp infection spreads about,
 The reader's malice helps the writer out.
 To blame is easy; to commend is bold; 15
 Yet if the Muse inspires it who can hold?
 To merit we are bound to give applause,
 Content to suffer in so just a cause.

While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
 Of fancies, ghosts, and ev'ry empty shade, 20
 Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reason's light
 Put such fantastick forms to shameful flight.
 Fond is their fear who think men needs must be
 To vice enslav'd if from vain terrors free.

and good morality will guide, 25
 fiction all the world beside.
 : authors tho' the thought be good,
 sometimes so eas'ly understood;
 d oft' unpolish'd has remain'd;
 ds should be left out, and some explain'd;
 search of sense, we either stray, 31
 ow weary in so rough a way :
 'sweet Eloquence does always smile
 choice yet unaffected style,
 oth knowledge and delight impart, 35
 of reason with the flow'rs of art;
 beautiful transparent skin,
 ver hides the blood, yet holds it in :
 icious stream it ever ran,
 as woman, but as strong as man. 40
 himself, whose universal wit
 iration thro' the world beget,
 re his age's ornament is thought,
 r credit to his country brought.
 Fame is young, too weak to fly away, 45
 rsues her like some bird of prey;
 on wing then all the quarrels cease;
 elf is glad to be at peace,
 r, weary'd with so high a flight
 r reach, and scarce within her sight. 50
 o this happy pitch arriv'd at last,
 ve look'd down with pride on dangers past;

But such the frailty is of human-kind,
 Then toil for fame, which does not live to find;
 Long ripening under ground this Corn shall lie,
 None bears no fruit till the virt' plant be tried.

Thus Nature, tired with his confused thought
 Of life, which puts her to her utmost strength,
 Each stock of wit unable to supply,
 To spare herself was glad to let him die.

ON THE LOSS OF AN ONLY SON,

ROBERT MARQ, OF NORMANDY

Our morning's gay and shining;
 The days our joys declare;
 At evening no repining,
 And night's all void of care.

A fond transported mother
 Was often heard to cry,
 Oh! where is such an other
 So blest'd by Heav'n as I?

A child a bird was wanting;
 Now such a son is lost
 A parent's most lamenting
 No more would find content.



A child of whom kind Heav'n
Not only hope bestows,
But has already giv'n
Him all our hopes propose.

The happy fire's possessing
His share in such a boy
Adds still a greater blessing
To all my other joy.

But, ah! this shiny weather
Became too hot at last;
Black clouds began to gather,
And all the sky o'ercast.

So fierce a fever rages,
We all lie drown'd in tears,
And dismal sad presages
Come thund'ring in our ears.

The doubts that made us languish
Did worse, far worse, than kill;
Yet, oh! with all their anguish
Would we had doubted still!

But why so much digression
This fatal loss to show?
Alas! there 's no expression
Can tell a parent 's woe.

ON MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS.

When age decay'd, with courts and bus'ness tir'd,
 Seeking nothing but what ease requir'd,
 The Muses now a wanton Muse to court,
 And to the critics safe arriv'd in port,
 The thought of launching forth again 5
 And to adventurous rev'ers of the pen,
 And to some small undeserv'd success
 In verse, being at last to make it less.
 I thought myself fit not this censorious time,
 To be employ'd for satiric rhyme; 10
 To see the Honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
 To live in squib, and ev'n Homer blam'd.
 But to this genius, form'd with so much art,
 So full of learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
 To see me so employ'd applaus'd to pay; 15
 And to be us'd, and they must obey.
 And yet so wondrous, so sublime, a thing
 As to get a hand, scarce could make me sing,
 But to be us'd could at once commend
 As a companion and as firm a friend. 20
 And to think a more well-natur'd deed,
 Than to be so, and to be so excus'd.
 I thought myself fit to laugh at some men's ways,
 And to be greater to give merit praise. 24

ON THE TIMES.

in vain our parsons teach,
 or once, a poet preach.
 has lost its very name,
 d cozenage thought the same,
 aying well the game.
 ntrivances we see
 ut ingenuity;
 fortunes often made
 'rauds in ev'ry trade,
 an awkward child afford
 to wed the greatest lord.
 fer starves to raise a son,
 nce the fool is gone,
 f thrift scarce serve a day;
 ll squanders all away.
 ds seeking for a place,
 ng for their pay,
 heir wives undo their race
 icoats and play;
 g boys to drink and dice,
 g girls to comedies,
 mamma's intrigues are shown,
 ere long will be their own.
 first at sermon slept,
 s day is weekly kept

}
 5 }

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15

20

25

By worse hypocrites than men,
 'Till Monday comes to cheat again.
 Ev'n among the noblest-born
 Moral virtue is a scorn;
 Gratitude but rare at best, 30
 And fidelity a jest:
 All our wit but party-mocks,
 All our wisdom raising stocks;
 Counted folly to defend
 Sinking side or falling friend. 35
 Long an officer may serve;
 Prais'd and wounded he may starve:
 No receipt to make him rise
 Like inventing loyal lies.
 We, whose ancestors have shin'd 40
 In arts of peace and fields of fame,
 To ill and idleness inclin'd,
 Now are grown a public shame.
 Fatal that intestine jar
 Which produc'd our Civil war! 45
 Ever since how sad a race!
 Senseless, violent, and base! 47

ON THE DUKE OF YORK

BANISHED TO BRUSSELS.

I FEEL a strange impulse, a strong desire,
 (For what vain thoughts will not a Muse inspire?)

on lofty subjects, and to raise
 low fame by writing James's praise.
 we have heard the wonders of his youth, 5
 those seeds of fortitude and truth
 have spread so wide, so wondrous high;
 distress'd beneath that shelter lie.
 more active than ev'n war requir'd,
 the midst of mighty chiefs admir'd. 10
 ev'n's gifts no temper is so rare
 such courage mix'd with so much care.
 martial fire makes all the spirits boil,
 calls youth to military toil,
 lest it should fiercely then engage; 15
 themselves will venture in a rage:
 the midst of all that furious heat,
 intent on actions brave and great,
 nor lives to feel such tender fears,
 careless of his own, to care for theirs, 20
 obscurity which a hero makes,
 such illustrious York alone partakes
 that great man *, whose fame has flown so far,
 taught him first the noble art of war.
 wondrous Pair! whom equal virtues crown,
 worthy of each other's vast renown! 26
 that Turenne with York could glory share,
 but York deserve so great a master's care.

* The Marechal de Turenne.

Scarce was he come to bless his native isle,
And reap the soft reward of glorious toil, 30
But, like Alcides, still new dangers call
His courage forth, and still he vanquish'd all.

At sea, that bloody scene of boundless rage,
Where floating castles in fierce flames engage,
(Where Mars himself does frowningly command, 35
And by lieutenants only fights at land):
For his own fame howe'er he fought before,
For England's honour yet he ventur'd more.

In those black times when, faction raging high,
Valour and Innocence were forc'd to fly, 40
With York thy fled, but not depress'd his mind,
Still like a diamond in the dust it shin'd.
When from afar his drooping friends beheld
How in distress he ev'n himself excell'd;
How to his envious fate, his country's frown, 45
His brother's will, he sacrific'd his own,
They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more
But that just Heav'n would all our joys restore.

So when black clouds surround heav'n's glorious
Tempestuous darkness covering all the place, [face,
If we discern but the least glimmering ray 51
Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,
The cheerful sight our fainting courage warms;
Fix'd upon that we fear no future harms. 54

ON THE DEITY.

WRETCHED Mankind! void of both strength and
 Dext'rous at nothing but at doing ill; [skill,
 In merit humble, in pretensions high,
 Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
 And none more blind; tho' still I worthless thought
 The best I ever spoke or ever wrote. 6

But zealous heat exalts the humblest mind;
 Within my soul such strong impulse I find
 The heav'nly tribute of due praise to pay,
 Perhaps 't is sacred, and I must obey. 10

Yet such the subjects, various, and so high,
 Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
 Miraculous effects of boundless pow'r!
 And that as boundless goodness shining more!
 All these so numberless my thoughts attend; 15
 Oh! where shall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse, }
 So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse, }
 Abruptly to break off wants no excuse. }

While others vainly strive to know Thee more, 20
 Let me in silent reverence adore,
 Wishing that human pow'r were higher rais'd,
 Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
 Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
 Created worthy of extolling Thee! 25

A DIALOGUE.

Sung on the Stage, between an elderly Shepherd and a very young Nymph.

SHEPHERD.

BRIGHT and blooming as the spring,
Universal love inspiring,
All our swains thy praises sing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

NYMPH. Praises in so high a strain,
And by such a shepherd sung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet so harmless and so young.

SHEP. I should have despair'd among
Rivals that appear so gaily,
But your eyes have made me young
By their smiling on me daily.

NYMPH. Idle boys admire us blindly,
Are inconstant, wild, and bold,
And your using me so kindly
Is a proof you are not old.

SHEP. With thy pleasing voice and fashion,
With thy humour and thy youth,
Cheer my soul, and crown my passion ;

Oh! reward my love and truth

Each apart first, and then both together.

Happy we shall lie possessing, 25
 Folded in each other's arms,
 Love and Nature's chiefest blessing
 In the still-increasing charms.
 So the dearest joys of loving,
 Which scarce heav'n can go beyond, 30
 We'll be ev'ry day improving,
 SHEP. You more fair, and I more fond.
 NYMPH. I more fair, and you more fond. 35

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE *.

BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE AND MR. DRYDEN.

How dull and how insensible a beast
 Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest?
 Philosophers and poets vainly strove
 In ev'ry age the lumpish mass to move;
 But those were pedants when compar'd with these,
 Who know not only to instruct but please. 6
 Poets alone found the delightful way
 Mysterious morals gently to convey
 In charming numbers; so that as men grew
 Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too. 10
 Satire has always shone among the rest,
 And is the boldest way, if not the best,

* This Essay was printed among the poems of Mr. Dryden, vol. iii. p. 5. but it was judg'd no impropriety to repeat it here, to complete the collection of this noble Author.

To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts
In Satire, too, the wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd 'em into shame
But of these two the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides
And censure those who censure all besides,
In other things they justly are prefer'd;
In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd:
Against the grossest follies they declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 't is the talent of each vulgar wit.
Besides, 't is labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck, which all the rest does spoil
To wash off that would be a noble toil,
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage.
Above all censure, too, each little wit
Will be forced to see the greater hit

ing better, tho' concern'd the most,
 erection will have cause to boast.
 letire all would seek a share,
 fool will fancy he is there.
 tellers, too, must pine and die 45
 ir antiquated wit laid by;
 who mis'd her name in a lampoon,
 'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
 on coxcomb must be mention'd here,
 all train of dancing sparks appear, 50
 ring officers who never fight;
 wretched rabble who would write?
 half wits; that 's more against our rules;
 re fops, the other are but souls.
 ld not be as silly as Dunbar, 55
 Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
 ing courtier should be slighted too,
 a dull knav'ry makes so much ado,
 crewd fool, by thriving too, too fast,
 p's fox, becomes a prey at last. 60
 the royal mistresses be nam'd,
 , or too easy, to be blam'd;
 om each rhyming fool keeps such a pother,
 as common that way as the other; 64
 'ring Charles, between his beastly brace,
 th dissembling still in either place,
 humour, or a painted face. }

In loyal libels we have often told him
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him;
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep; 70
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
 Was ever prince by two at once misled,
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
 Earnestly and Aylsbury, with all that race
 Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place; 75
 At council set, as foils on Dorset's score,
 To make that great false jewel shine the more,
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains and telling lies.
 But there's no meddling with such nauseous men; 80
 Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
 'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse
 Some sifter subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let's behold the merriest man alive
 Against his careless genius vainly strive, 85
 Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay
 'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day;
 Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
 Just as good company as Nokes and Lee;
 But when he aims at reason or at rule, 90
 He turns himself the best to ridicule.

Let him at bus'ness ne'er so earnest sit

So cat, transform'd, fat gravely and demure
 Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure,
 But soon the lady had him in her eye,
 And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
 Reaching above our nature does no good; 100
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
 As by our little Machiavel we find,
 That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
 His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes,
 Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes, }
 No pity of its poor companion takes. 106 }
 What gravity can hold from laughing out
 To see him drag his feeble legs about
 Like hounds ill coupled? Jowler lugs him still
 Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill. 110
 'Twere crime in any man, but him alone,
 To use a body so tho' 't is one's own:
 Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
 That, whilst he creeps, his vig'rous thoughts can soar.
 Alas! that soaring, to those few that know, 115
 Is but a busy grov'ling here below.
 So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
 Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretches lie; }
 So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly. }
 As the new Earl, with parts deserving praise, 120
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,
 Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
 Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune flights,

Striving against his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a busy man.
And what is that at best, but one whose mind
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my dredgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beast that lives
Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?
Will any dog that has his teeth and fangs
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bongs
To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Tho' Satire, nicely writ with humour, stings
But those who merit praise in other things,
Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for Folly Tropos' sake,
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue
For railing smoothly and for reas'ning wrong.
As boys, on holy-days let loose to play,
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way,
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
Some silly Cit in her flower'd foolish dress.

ighty satisfaction found
 in self reason on the ground;
 loid fool despis'd, and know it,
 so scarce have words enough to show it;
 is silent, and condemns for weaker 156
 ay, sometimes the wittiest speaker.
 ighious so much eloquence
 cquired by such little sense;
 nd wit did anciently agree, 160
 was no fool, tho' this man be;
 ive, on the bench unable,
 ie woollfack, fop at council-table.
 ie grievances of such fools as wou'd
 ise than honest, great than good. 165
 er kind of wits must be made known,
 iles errors hurt themselves alone;
 ury they think can please,
 is call loving of their ease;
 olv'd in pleasures still they feign, 170
 whole life's but intermitting pain:
 surfeits, headaches, claps, are seen,
 erceive the little time between:
 ng men who make this gross mistake,
 e lose only for pleasure's sake. 175
 e has its price, and when we pay
 f pain, we squander life away.
 et, purring like a thoughtful cat,
 t wiser puss ne'er thought of that;

And first he worried her with railing rhymes,
 Like Pembroke's mastives, at his kindest time;
 'Then for one night fold all his flaxen life,
 A teeming widow, but a barren wife.
 Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome breed,
 He lugg'd about the matrimonial load
 Till Fortune, blindly kind, as well as he,
 Has ill-restor'd him to his liberty,
 Which he would use in his old fawning way,
 Drinking all night, and dozing all the day,
 Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
 Had fam'd for dainties in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to 'scape the snare,
 Tho' learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;
 For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
 With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;
 Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes
 To see him catch his Tartar for his prize;
 'Th' impatient Town waited the wish'd-for change,
 And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
 Till Petworth-plot made us with sorrow see
 As his estate, his person, too, was free:
 Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude, could move;
 To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
 Yet, failing there, he keeps his freedom still,
 Forc'd to live happily against his will.
 'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and pow'r

And little Sid. for simile renown'd,
 Pleasure has always fought but never found:
 Tho' all his thoughts on wine and women fall, 210
 His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
 The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong;
 His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
 But sure we all mistake this pious man,
 Who mortifies his person all he can: 215
 What we uncharitably take for sin,
 Are only rules of this odd Capuchin;
 For never hermit, under grave pretence,
 Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
 And 't is a miracle, we may suppose, 220
 No nastiness offends his skilful nose,
 Which from all stink can, with peculiar art,
 Extract perfume and essence from a f—t.
 Expecting supper is his great delight;
 He toils all day but to be drunk at night, 225
 Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
 Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

Rochester I despise for want of wit,
 Tho' thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
 For while he mischief means to all mankind, 230
 Himself alone the ill effects does find;
 And so, like witches, justly suffers shame,
 Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
 False are his words, affected is his wit,
 So often he does aim, so seldom hit: 235

To ev'ry face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he bows
Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him
A proof that Chance alone makes ev'ry creature
A very Killigrew, without good nature;
For what a Bèssus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there 's the folly that 's still mix'd with
Cowards more blows than any hero bears.
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasure
But 't is a bolder thing to run away.
The world may well forgive him all his ill
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still
Falsely he falls into some dang'rous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose.
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I 'd like to have left out his poetry,
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out 's the cinder-woman's trade.
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments.

Where one peor thought sometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness must atone. 265

How vain a thing is Man, and how unwise!
Ev'n he who would himself the most despise!
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown, 270
We pull down others but to raise our own:
That we may angels seem we paint them elves,
And are but satyrs to set up ourselves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault
Ev'n with my master, who first Satire taught, 275
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendous and above reward,
Now labour, with unequal force, to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all. 281

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch, 3
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.

H



But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane
 To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
 'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes
 Dazzling our minds sets off the slightest rhymes
 Bright as a blaze, but in a moment darts;
 True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
 Which, tho' sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
 Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
 Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
 Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
 And all in vain these superficial parts
 Contribute to the structure of the whole
 Without a genius too; for that's the soul :
 A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
 As that of Nature moves the world about;
 A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
 Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
 Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
 Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
 Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
 When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
 Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,
 Sometimes with pow'rful charms to hurry me away
 From pleasures of the night and bus'ness of the day? 32
 Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
 To check thy course, and use the needful rein

knows when the fancy's bad, 35
 judgment fancy is but mad;
 sent has a boundless influence
 on the choice of words or sense,
 world, on manners, and on men;
 on the feather of the pen; 40
 that substantial useful part
 as the head, while t' other wins the heart.
 call all the various sorts of verse,
 whole art of poetry, rehearse;
 what task would after Horace do? 45
 masters, and examples too!
 best, all we can say is vain;
 sign, and fruitless were the pain.
 the Ancients we may rob with ease,
 with that mean shift himself can please 50
 an actor's pride? A player's art
 as who writes a borrow'd part.
 on laws are made for later faults,
 absurdities inspire new thoughts.
 I has Satire then to live on theft, 55
 such fresh occasion still is left?
 soil, and full of rankest weeds,
 grows worse than ever Nilus breeds.
 the fools shall have no cause to fear,
 and sense that is the subject here: 60
 witty men deserve a cure,
 who are so will ev'n this endure.

First, then, of Songs, which now so much abound,
 Without his Song no top is to be found;
 A most offensive weapon, which he draws 65
 On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
 Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part
 Of poetry requires a nicer art;
 For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
 Many a blemish that escapes our eyes, 70
 The least of which defects is plainly shown
 In one small ring; and brings the value down.
 So Songs should be to just perfection wrought,
 Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
 Exact propriety of words and thought, 75
 Expression easy, and the fancy high,
 Yet that not seem to creep nor this to fly;
 No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
 As wrought with care yet seem by chance to fall.
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit 80
 Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
 Such nauseous Songs by a late author* made
 Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
 Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
 Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy; 85
 But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
 Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.

* The Earl of Rochester.---It may be observed, however, that many of the worst songs ascribed to this nobleman were

her themes he well deserves our praise,
 alls that appetite he meant to raise.
 xt, Elegy, of sweet but solemn voice, 90
 of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
 raise of beauty, valour, wit, contains,
 here too oft' despairing Love complains:
 n, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
 phoenix-like deserves to be belov'd; 95
 oisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
 ind, take most with that fantastick sex.
 o the praise of those who better knew;
 many raise the value of the few.
 ere (as all our sex too oft' have try'd) 100
 en have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside.
 greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
 defect in words or want of wit;
 ould this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
 ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd, 105
 a just coherence be not made
 en each thought, and the whole model laid
 ht, that ev'ry line may higher rise,
 goodly mountains, till they reach the skies;
 rifles may perhaps of late have past, 110
 may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
 igram, 't is point, 't is what you will, }
 t an Elegy, nor writ with skill;
 negyric *, nor a Cooper's-Hill †.

* Waller's.

† Denham's.

A higher flight, and of a happier
Arc Odes, the Muse's most unruly
'That bounds so fierce, the rider here
Here foams at mouth, and moves
'The poet here must be indeed inspy
With fury too as well as fancy fir'
Cowley might boast to have perfo
Had he with nature join'd the rule
But sometimes diction mean, or v
Deadens or clouds his noble frame
'Tho' all appear in heat and fury d
The language still must soft and ea
These laws may sound a little too
But judgment yields, and fancy ge
Which, tho' extravagant, this M
And makes the work much easier

Of all the ways that wisest men
'To mend the age and mortify man
Satire well-writ has most successfu
And cures, because the remedy is
'Tis hard to write on such a subject
Without repeating things said oft
Some vulgar errors only we'll ren
That stain a beauty which we so n
Of chosen words some take not ca
And think they should be, as the f
This poem must be more exactly r

Some think if sharp enough they cannot fail,
 As if their only bus'ness was to rail;
 But human frailty nicely to unfold, 145
 Distinguishes a Satyr from a scold.
 Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
 A Satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
 So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
 Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth. 150
 The Laureat * here may justly claim our praise,
 Crown'd by Mack-Fleckno † with immortal bays;
 Yet once his Pegasus ‡ has borne dead weight,
 Rid by some lumpish minister of state.

Here rest, my Muse! suspend thy cares awhile,
 A more important task attends thy toil. 156
 As some young eagle, that designs to fly
 A long unwonted journey thro' the sky,
 Weighs all the dang'rous enterprise before,
 O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar, 160
 Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
 The lofty road of airy travellers;
 But yet incited by some bold design,
 That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
 Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care, 165
 At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air,
 Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
 She lessens to us, and is lost at last;

* Mr. Dryden. † A famous satirical poem of his.

‡ A poem called The Hind and Panther.

So (tho' too weak for such a weighty thing):
 The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
 And why should truth offend, when only told:
 To guide the ignorant and warn the bold?
 On, then, my Muse! advent'rously engage:
 To give instructions that concern the stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
 Which, if observ'd, give Plays so great a grace,
 Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known.
 To be taught here, where we pretend alone.
 From nicer faults to purge the present age,
 Less obvious errors of the English stage.

First, then, Soliloquies had need be few,
 Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
 Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
 Of others, make the pit their confidant:
 Nor is the matter mended yet if thus.
 They trust a friend only to tell it us.
 Th' occasion should as naturally fall
 As when Bellario * confesses all.

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,
 (Art's needless varnish to make Nature shine)
 All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
 And in descriptions only claim a place:

But to make Rage declaim, and Grief discourse

needs succeed! for who can chuse but pity 195
 of hero miserably witty!
 Oh! the Dialogues where jest and mock
 run up like a rest at shittle-cock,
 as like bells eternally they chime,
 live in Simile and die in Rhyme! 200
 things are these who would be poets thought,
 nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
 wit they have, and therefore may deserve
 a worse course than this, by which they starve.
 write Plays! why, 't is a bold pretence 205
 to augment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
 more; for they must look within to find
 secret turns of Nature in the mind:
 but this part, in vain would be the whole,
 but a body all without a soul. 210
 is united yet but makes a part
 dialogue, that great and pow'ful art,
 almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
 whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
 comprehended since but by a few. 215 }
 and Lucian are the best remains
 the wonders which this art contains:
 ourselves we justice must allow,
 Spenser and Fletcher are the wonders now:
 peruse them, and read them o'er and o'er; 220
 then play'd, then read them as before:

For tho' in many things they grossly fail,
 Over our passions still they so prevail,
 That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
 The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
 Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults.
 First on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
 Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;
 This oft', alone, has giv'n success to plays.
 Reject that vulgar error (which appears
 So fair) of making perfect characters:
 There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
 A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw.
 Some faults must be that his misfortunes drew,
 But such as may deserve compassion too.
 Besides the main design, compos'd with art,
 Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
 Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,
 As painters first chalk out the future face:
 Yet be not fondly your own slave for this;
 But change hereafter what appears amiss.

'Think not so much where shining thoughts to p
 As what a man would say in such a case.
 Neither in comedy will this suffice,
 The player too must be before your eyes;

combs are too obvious; oft' we see
 derided by as bad as he. 250

fly at nobler game; in this low way
 owl may prove a bird of prey.

ets thus will one poor fop devour,
 ollect, like bees, from ev'ry flow'r 255

nts to compose that precious juice
 erves the world for pleasure and for use,
 of faction this would favour get;
 staff * stands inimitable yet.

her fault which often may befall 260 }
 the wit of some great poet shall
 low, that is, be none at all,

'n his fools speak sense as if posselt,
 h by inspiration breaks his jest.

he justness of each part be lost, 265
 y we laugh, but at the poet's cost.

y thing men call Shcer-wit avoid,
 hich our age so nauseously is cloy'd :

: is all; wit should be only brought
 agreeably some proper thought. 270

nce the poets we of late have known
 no drefs so much as in their own,

ter by example to convince,
 a view on this wrong side of sense.

a Soliloquy is calmly made, 275
 v'ry reason is exactly weigh'd;

* The matchless character of Shakespear.

Which once perform'd, most opportun
Some hero frighted at the noise of drum
For her sweet sake whom at first sight
And all in metaphor his passion proves
But some sad accident, tho' yet unknow
Parting this pair, to leave the swain al
He straight grows jealous, tho' we kno
Then to oblige his rival needs will die;
But first he makes a speech, wherein he
The absent nymph how much his flam
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not
Who straight appears; but who can Fa
'Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
'That just has giv'n himself the cruel st
At which his very rival's heart is broke
He, more to his new friend than mistr
Most sadly mourns at being left behind
Of such a death prefers the pleasing ch
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What shameful and what monstrous th
And then they rail at those they canno
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben. Johnse
When the intrinsic value of the stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a followin
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and r
May keep up sinking nonsense for a tin

But that must fail which now so much o'er-rules, 305
And sense no longer will submit to fools.

By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The Epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below. 310

Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!
Homer and Virgil! With what sacred awe 315
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!

Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast;
So these gigantic souls amaz'd we find
As much above the rest of human-kind! 320
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame
And universal shouts attend their name!

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read, 325
And Homer will be all the books you need.

Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of skill,
As something of divine the work admir'd,
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd: 330
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shewn where all the mighty magic lies;

Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
'That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew, 33
Who thro' this labyrinth has lent the clue.

But what, alas! avails it poor mankind
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
'The way is shewn, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know? 34
Whose fancy flies beyond weak Reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay, 34
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser and ev'n Milton fail. 34

DESPAIR.

ALL hopeless of relief,
Incapable of rest,
In vain I strive to vent a grief
That 's not to be express'd.

'This rage within my veins
No reason can remove;
Of all the mind's most cruel pains
'The sharpest, sure, is love.

ile I languish so,
 thee vainly call,
 eed, fair Cause of all my woe!
 ate may thee befall.

10

eful cruel faults
 t thy gentle sex;
 er how will guilty thoughts
 der conscience vex?

15

welcome Death shall bring
 o wretched me,
 l enlarg'd, and once on wing,
 : will fly to thee.

20

n thy lonely bed
 oft its moan shall make,
 ddest signs that I am dead,
 ad for thy dear sake;

with that conscious blow
 ry soul will start;
 my shadow thou wilt grow,
 ld as is thy heart.

25

e remorse will then
 ly pity show
 . who of all mortal men
 st thy value know.

30

Yet, with this broken heart,
I wish thou never be
Tormented with the thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee.

36

WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

HERE lives a man who, by relation,
Depends upon predestination,
For which the learned and the wise
His understanding much despise ;
But I pronounce, with loyal tongue,
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how could such a wretch succeed
But that, alas! it was decreed?

4

2

STANZAS.

WHEN'EER my foolish bent to public good,
Or sonder zeal for some misguided prince,
Shall make my dang'rous humour understood,
For changing ministers for men of sense :
When, vainly proud to shew my public care,
And ev'n asham'd to see three nations fool'd,
I shall no longer bear a wretched share
In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd :

5

old lechers in a winter's night
ing hearers all their pranks disclose, 10
t decay deprives them of delight
ith vain endeavours to impose :

ill I as idly entertain
pling patriots, fond of seeming wise;
I still could great employments gain, 15
concealing truths or whisp'ring lies!

succeeding in my country's cause
inst some almost too high to blame,
when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
ridicul'd to sense and shame : 20

sted the most potent fraud,
dless Merit openly approv'd,
I was above the being aw'd
by my prince, but those he lov'd :

ows but my example then may please 25
le hopeful spirits as appear
o slight their pleasures and their ease
and honour ? till at last they hear.

ch trouble borne, and danger run,
vn assisted, and my country serv'd, 30
good fortune I had been undone,
a good estate I might have starv'd. 32

ELEGY.

TO THE DUCHESS OF R——.

THOU lovely slave to a rude husband's will,
By Nature us'd so well, by him so ill!
For all that grief we see your mind endure
Your glass presents you with a pleasing cure.
Those maids you envy for their happier state,
To have your form would gladly have your fate,
And of like slavery each wife complains,
Without such beauty's help to bear her chains
Husbands like him we ev'ry-where may see;
But where can we behold a wife like thee?

While to a tyrant you by Fate are ty'd,
By love you tyrannize o'er all beside.
'Those eyes, tho' weeping, can no pity move;
Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love!
You, while so fair, (do Fortune what she pleases)
Can be no more in pain than we at ease;
Unless, unsatisfy'd with all our vows,
Your vain ambition so unbounded grows,
'That you repine a husband should escape
'Th' united force of such a face and shape.
If so, alas! for all those charming powers
Your case is just as desperate as ours.
Expect that birds should only sing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree should bow;

Expect those statues, as you pass, should burn, 25
And that with wonder men should statues turn :
 Such beauty is enough to give things life,
 But not to make a husband love his wife :
 A husband worse than statues or than trees,
 Colder than those, less sensible than these. 30
 Then from so dull a care your thoughts remove,
 And waste not sighs you only owe to love.
 'Tis pity sighs from such a breast should part,
 Unless to ease some doubtful lover's heart,
 Who dies because he must too justly prize 35
 What yet the dull possessor does despise.
 Thus precious jewels among Indians grow,
 Who nor their use nor wondrous value know ;
 But we for those bright treasures tempt the main,
 And hazard life for what the fools disdain. 40

ODE ON LOVE.

I.

LET others songs or satires write,
Provok'd by vanity or spite,
My Muse a nobler cause shall move,
To sound aloud the praise of Love,
That gentle yet resistless heat
Which raises men to all things good and
While other passions of the mind
To low brutality debase mankind,
By Love we are above ourselves refin'd.
Oh, Love! thou trance divine! in which
Unclogg'd with worldly cares, may ra
control,

And soaring to her heav'n, from thence
High mysteries above poor Reason's reach

II.

To weak old age prudence some aid may
And curb those appetites that faintly move
But wild impetuous youth is tam'd by not
than Love.

Of men too rough for peace, too rude for
Love's pow'r can penetrate the hardest heart
And thro' the closest pores a passage find,
Like that of light, to shine all o'er the mind
The want of love does both extremes prove
Maid's are too nice, and men as much too

While equal good an am'rous couple find,
 She makes him constant, and he makes her kind.
 New charms in vain a lover's faith would prove; 25
 Hermits or bed-rid men they'll sooner move:
 'The fair inveigler will but sadly find
 'There's no such eunuch as a man in love:
 But when by his chaste nymph embrac'd,
 (For Love makes all embraces chaste) 30
 Then the transported creature can
 Do wonders, and is more than man.
 Both heav'n and earth would our desires confine;
 But yet in vain both heav'n and earth combine, }
 Unless where Love blesses the great design. 35 }
 Hymen makes fast the hand, but Love the heart;
 He the fool's god, thou Nature's Hymen art,
 Whose laws once broke we are not held by force,
 But the false breach itself is a divorce.

III.

For love the miser will his gold despise, 40
 The false grow faithful, and the foolish wise;
 Cautious the young, and complaisant the old,
 The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.
 Thou glorious sun within our souls,
 Whose influence so much controls! 45
 Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,
 Quicken'd by thee more lively move;
 And if their heads but any substance hold,
 Love ripens all that dross into the purest gold.

In Heav'n's great work thy part is such, 56
 That, master-like, thou giv'st the last great touch
 To Heav'n's own masterpiece of man,
 And finishest what Nature but began :
 Thy happy stroke can into softness bring
 Reason, that rough and wrangling thing. 58
 From childhood upwards we decay,
 And grow but greater children ev'ry day :
 So, Reason, how can we be said to rise ?
 So many cares attend the being wise, }
 'Tis rather falling down a precipice. 60 }
 From sense to reason unimprov'd we move ;
 We only then advance when reason turns to love.

IV.

Thou reignest o'er our earthly gods ;
 Uncrown'd by thee their other crowns are loads ;
 One beauty's smile their meanest courtier brings 65
 Rather to pity than to envy kings ;
 His fellow slaves he takes them now to be,
 Favour'd by love perhaps much less than he.
 For love the timorous bashful maid
 Of nothing but denying is afraid ; 70
 For love she overcomes her shame,
 Forfakes her fortune, and forgets her fame ;

slighted favours which cold nymphs dispense,
 common counters of the sense,
 live both in metal and in measure,
 x's fancy coins into a treasure. 80
 vast the subject ! what a boundless store
 ght ideas shining all before !
 use's sighs forbid me to give o'er ;
 e kind god incites us various ways,
 ow I find him all my ardour raise,
 ecepts to perform as well as praise. 86

ODE ON BRUTUS.

I.

said that favourite mankind
 made the lord of all below ;
 at the doubtful are concern'd to find
 nly one man tells another so.
 or this great dominion here
 1 over other beasts we claim,
 n our best credential does appear,
 ick indeed we domincer,
 ow absurdly we may see with shame :
 n, that solemn trifle ! light as air, 10
 1 up and down by censure or applause,
 rtial love away 't is blown,
 e least prejudice can weigh it down ;
 our high privilege becomes our snare.
 r nice and weighty cause 15

How weak at best is Reason! yet the grave
 Impose on that small judgment which we have.

II.

In all those wits whose names have spread so wide,
 And ev'n the force of Time defy'd,
 Some failings yet may be descry'd. 20
 Among the rest, with wonder be it told
 'That Brutus is admir'd for Cæsar's death,
 By which he yet survives in Fame's immortal breath.
 Brutus! ev'n he, of all the rest,
 In whom we should that deed the most detest, 25
 Is of mankind esteem'd the best.
 As snow, descending from some lofty hill,
 Is by its rolling course augmenting still,
 So from illustrious authors down have roll'd
 'Those great encomiums he receiv'd of old. 30
 Republic orators will shew esteem,
 And gild their eloquence with praise of him,
 But truth, unveil'd, like a bright sun appears,
 To shine away this heap of seventeen hundred years.

III.

In vain 't is urg'd by an illustrious wit, 35
 (To whom in all besides I willingly submit)
 That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve
 From one who kill'd himself rather than serve.
 Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay
 Than any matter to obey, 40

Had not Brutus had been that noble soldier, Edm'd.

For he whose soul disdains to own
 Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
 And his own life would rather end, 45
 Would sure much rather kill himself than only hurt
 To his own sword in the Philippian field [his friend.
 Brutus indeed at last did yield;
 But in those times self-killing was not rare,
 And his proceeded only from despair: 50
 He might have chosen else to live,
 In hopes another Cæsar would forgive;
 Then, for the good of Rome, he could once more
 Conspire against a life which had spar'd his before.

IV.

Our country challenges our utmost care, 55
 And in our thoughts deserves the tenderest share;
 Her to a thousand friends we should prefer,
 Yet not betray them tho' it be for her.
 Hard is his heart whom no desert can move
 A mistress or a friend to love 60
 Above whate'er he does besides enjoy,
 But may he, for their sakes, his fire or sons destroy?
 For sacred justice, or for public good,
 Scorn'd be our wealth, our honour, and our blood:
 In such a cause want is a happy state; 65
 Ev'n low disgrace would be a glorious fate;
 And death itself, when noble fame survives,
 More to be valued than a thousand lives:

But 't is not surely of so fair a mind
To spill another's blood as to expose our own.
Of all that's ours we cannot give too much;
But what belongs to friendship, what 's in friendship's

Can we stand by untho't, and see
Our mother robb'd and sav'd? can we be
Excus'd if in her arms we never stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the sister?
Thus sings our bard with heart almost divine;
'Tis pity that his thought was not as strong as mine.
Would it more justly did the case express,
Or that its beauty and its grace were less.

(Thus a nymph sometimes we see
Who so charming seems to be
That, jealous of a soft surprise,
We scarce durst trust our eager eyes.)
Such a fallacious ambush to escape,
It were but vain to plead a willing rape;
A valiant son would be provok'd the more;
A force we therefore must confess, but acted long before
A marriage since did intervene, [force;
With all the solemn and the sacred scene; 90
Loud was the Hymenean song;
The violated dame * walk'd smilingly along,
And in the midst of the most sacred dance,
As if enamour'd of his sight,

Often she cast a kind admiring glance 95
On the bold struggler for delight,
Who afterwards appear'd so moderate and cool,
As if for public good alone he so desir'd to rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
Against a Roman of so great a soul, 100
And that fair truth permitted us to purge
His fact of what appears so foul!
Friendship, that sacred and sublimest thing!
The noblest quality and chiefest good,
(In this dull age scarce understood) 105
Inspires us with unusual warmth her injur'd rites to
Assist, ye Angels! whose immortal bliss, [sing:
Tho' more refin'd, chiefly consists in this.
How plainly your bright thoughts to one another
Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine! [shine!
The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run, 110
A course as far from any end as when at first begun.
Ye saw and smil'd upon this matchless pair,
Who still betwixt them did so many virtues share,
Some which belong to peace, and some to strife, 115
Those of a calm and of an active life,
That all the excellence of human-kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind,
Which Friendship did so fast and closely bind,
Not the least cement could appear by which their
Souls were join'd. 120

That tie which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a soul and body name,
Seems not a composition more divine,
Or more abstruse, than all that does in friendship shine.

VII.

From mighty Cæsar and his boundless grace 123
'Tho' Brutus, once at least, his life receiv'd,
Such obligations, tho' so high believ'd,
Are yet but slight in such a case.
Where friendship so possesses all the place
There is no room for gratitude; since he 130
Who so obliges is more pleas'd than his fav'd friend
Just in the midst of all this noble heat, [can be,
While their great hearts did both so kindly beat
'That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
And forc'd them to suspect a father and a son *; 135
(Tho' here ev'n Nature's self still seem'd to be out-
From such a friendship unprovok'd to fall [done)
Is horrid, yet I wish that fact were all
Which does with too much cause ungrateful Brutus

VIII.

[call,

In coolest blood he laid a long design 140
Against his best and dearest friend;
Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed
'To spirit others up to work so black a deed,
Himself the centre where they all did join.

* Cæsar was suspected to have begotten Brutus.

mean-time, fearless, and fond of him, 145
 industrious all the while
 : such ample marks of fond esteem
 as the gravest Romans smile
 with how much ease love can the wife beguile.
 from thus Brutus doom'd to bleed, 150
 turning his own race aside,
 yet less for him provide
 than the world's great empire to succeed;
 we are bound in justice to allow
 sufficient proof to show 155
 that Brutus did not strike for his own sake;
 alas! he fail'd, 't was only by mistake. 157

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

angels snatch'd him eagerly on high;
 they flew, singing and soaring thro' the sky,
 to give his new-fledg'd soul to fly,
 we, alas! lamenting lie.
 it musing all along, 5
 sing new their heav'nly song.
 as his skilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd,
 as they ceas'd their own to catch his pleasing
 himself improv'd the harmony, [sound.
 in sacred story so renown'd 10
 for music than for poetry!

Genius sublime in either art!
Crown'd with applause surpassing all desert!
A man just after God's own heart!
If human cares are lawful to the blest, 15
Already settled in eternal rest,
Needs must he wish that Purcell only might
Have liv'd to set what he vouchsaf'd to write;
For sure the noble thirst of fame
With the frail body never dies, 20
But with the soul ascends the skies,
From whence at first it came.
'Tis sure no little proof we have
That part of us survives the grave,
And in our fame below still bears a share; 25
Why is the future else so much our care,
Ev'n in our latest moment of despair,
And death despis'd for fame by all the wise and brave?
Oh, all ye bless'd harmonious Choir!
Who pow'r almighty only love, and only that admire!
Look down with pity from your peaceful bow'r 31
On this sad isle perplex'd,
And ever, ever vex'd
With anxious care of trifles, wealth and pow'r:
In our rough minds due reverence infuse 35
For sweet melodious sounds and each harmonious
Music exalts man's nature, and inspires [Musc.
High elevated thoughts or gentle kind desires, 38

EPISTLES.

A LETTER FROM SEA.

FAIREST! if time and absence can incline
Your heart to wand'ring thoughts no more than mine,
Then shall my hand, as changeless as my mind,
From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;
Then, while this note my constancy assures, 5
You 'll be almost as pleas'd as I with your's :
And, trust me, when I feel that kind relief,
Absence itself a while suspends its grief:
So may it do with you, but straight return,
For it were cruel not sometimes to mourn 10
His fate who, this long time he keeps away,
Mourns all the night, and sighs out all the day ;
Grieving yet more when he reflects that you
Must not be happy, or must not be true :
But since to me it seems a blacker fate 15
To be inconstant than unfortunate,
Remember all those vows between us past,
When I from all I value parted last ;
May you alike with kind impatience burn,
And something miss till I with joy return ; 20
And soon may pitying Heav'n that blessing give,
As in the hopes of that alone I live. 22

TO AMORETTA.

WHEN I held out against your eyes
You took the surest course ;
A heart unwary to surprise
You ne'er could take by force.

However, tho' I strive no more, 8
'The fort will now be priz'd,
Which if surrender'd up before
Perhaps had been despis'd.

But, gentle Amoretta ! tho' 10
I cannot love resist,
'Think not, when you have caught me so,
'To use me as you list.

Inconstancy or coldness will
My foolish heart reclaim ;
'Then I come off with honour still, 15
But you, alas ! with shame.

A heart by kindness only gain'd
Will a dear conquest prove,
And, to be kept, must be maintain'd
At vast expense of love. 20



ON A COQUETTE BEAUTY.

wars and plagues come no such harms
 in a nymph so full of charms;
 her sweetness in her face,
 notions such a grace,
 and inviting eyes
 soft enchantment lies,
 we please ourselves too soon,
 with empty hopes undone.
 all her softness, we
 slaves, while she is free;
 as! from all desire,
 to set the world on fire.
 O, fair Dissembler! dost but thus
 thyself as well as us.
 restless monarch, thou
 but rather force mankind to bow,
 nature round the world to roam,
 to govern peaceably at home.
 Trust me, Celia, trust me, when
 thyself inspires my pen,
 that of love's delight outweighs
 years of universal praise;
 O adorer, kindly us'd,
 true joys than crowds refus'd.
 What does youth and beauty serve?
 more than all your sex deserve?

Why such soft alluring arts
 'To charm our eyes and melt our hearts?
 By our loss you nothing gain;
 Unless you love you please in vain.

TO A LADY,

RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.

WHAT breast but your's can hold the double
 Of fierce devotion and of fond desire?
 Love would shine forth were not your zeal so b
 Whose glaring flames eclipse his gentler light
 Less seems the faith that mountains can remo
 Than this which triumphs over youth and lov
 But shall some threat'ning priest divide us t
 What worse than that could all his curses do?
 Thus with a fright some have resign'd their br
 And poorly dy'd, only for fear of death.

Heav'n fees our passions with indulgence sti
 And they who lov'd well can do nothing ill.
 While to us nothing but ourselves is dear,
 Should the world frown, yet what have we to f
 Fame, wealth, and pow'r, those high-priz'd o

Let worldlings ask her help or fear her harms,
 We can lie safe, lock'd in each other's arms, 20
 Like the blest'd saints, eternal raptures know,
 And slight those storms that vainly rest below.

Yet this, all this, you are resolv'd to quit ;
 See my ruin, and I must submit :
 But think, O think ! before you prove unkind, 25
 How lost a wretch you leave forlorn behind.

Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
 Revenge for wrongs too bardenfome to bear,
 Ev'n zeal itself, from whence all mischiefs spring,
 Have never done so barbarous a thing. 30

With such a fate the heav'n's decreed to vex
 Armida once, tho' of the fairer sex :
 Rinaldo she had charm'd with so much art,
 Her's was his pow'r, his person, and his heart :
 Honour's high thoughts nomore his mind could move,
 She sooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love ; 36
 When straight a gust of fierce devotion blows,
 And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows :
 The poor Armida tears her golden hair,
 Matchless till now for love or for despair. 40
 Who is not mov'd while the sad nymph complains ?
 Yet you now act what Taffo only feigns ;
 And after all our vows, our sighs, our tears,
 My banish'd sorrows, and your conquer'd fears,
 So many doubts, so many dangers, past, 45
 Visions of zeal must vanquish me at last.

Thus in great Homer's war throughout
Some hero still made all things mortal yield
But when a god once took the vanquish'd
The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy

To One who accused him of being too sensual is

THINK not, my Fair! 't is sin or shame
To bless the man who so adores,
Nor give so hard unjust a name
To all those favours he implores.
Beauty is Heav'n's most bounteous gift
Because by love men are from vice redeem

Yet wish not vainly for a love
From all the force of nature clear;
That is reserv'd for those above,
And 't is a fault to claim it here.
For sensual joys ye scorn that we should lo
But love without them is as much above y

SONGS.

SONG I. INCONSTANCY EXCUSED.

I MUST confess I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes,
But he that 's smil'd upon by you
Must all the world despise.

In winter fires of little worth
Excite our dull desire,
But when the sun breaks kindly forth
Those fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for slighting now
What I did once adore;
O! do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more:

Fix'd by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languishing within your arms,
I sigh my soul away.

SONG II.

On ! conceal that charming creature
From my wond'ring wishing eyes !
Ev'ry motion, ev'ry feature,
Does some ravish'd heart surprise ;
But, oh ! I sighing, sighing, see
The happy swain ! she ne'er can be
False to him or kind to me.

Yet if I could humbly show her,
Ah ! how wretched I remain,
'Tis not, sure, a thing below her
Still to pity so much pain.
The gods some pleasure, pleasure, take,
Happy as themselves to make
Those who suffer for their sake.

Since your hand alone was given
To a wretch not worth your care,
Like some angel sent from heaven,
Come and raise me from despair :
Your heart I cannot, cannot, miss,
And I desire no other bliss ;
Let all the world besides be his.

G III. THE RECONCILEMENT.

:, let us now resolve at last
 : and love in quiet ;
 tie the knot so very fast
 Time shall ne'er untie it.

nest joys they seldom prove
 free from quarrels live;
 the most tender part of love
 teaches to forgive.

least I seem'd concern'd, I took
 asure nor no rest,
 when I feign'd an angry look,
 I lov'd you best.

out the same to me, you 'll find
 less'd will be our fate :
 be happy, to be kind,
 ever is too late.

If love and you had let me rest :
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no

Amidst a thousand kind desires
Which beauty moves and love inspire:
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear;
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms :
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms

PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO THE ALTERATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Hope to mend Shakespeare! or to match his style!
'Tis such a jest would make a Stoic smile.
Too fond of fame, our poet soars too high,
Yet freely owns he wants the wings to fly:
So sensible of his presumptuous thought, 5
That he confesses while he does the fault:
This to the fair will no great wonder prove,
Who oft' in blushes yield to what they love.
Of greatest actions and of noblest men
This story most deserves a poet's pen; 10
For who can wish a scene more justly fam'd,
When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd!
That state of heroes who the world had brav'd!
That wondrous man who such a state enslav'd!
Yet loath he was to take so rough a way, 15
And after govern'd with so mild a sway.
At distance now of seventeen hundred years,
Methinks a lovely ravisher appears,
Whom, tho' forbid by virtue to excuse,
A nymph might pardon, and could scarce refuse. 20

PROLOGUE

TO MARCUS BRUTUS.

Our scene is Athens; and, great Athens nam'd,
What soul so dull as not to be inflam'd?
Methinks at mentioning that sacred place
A rev'rend awe appears in ev'ry face
For men so fam'd, of such prodigious parts,
As taught the world all sciences and arts.

Amidst all these ye shall behold a man
The most applauded since mankind began,
Outshining ev'n those Greeks who most excel,
Whose life was one fix'd course of doing well.
Oh! who can therefore without tears attend
On such a life, and such a fatal end?

But here our author, besides other faults
Of ill expressions and of vulgar thoughts,
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
And breaks the law of unity of place :
Yet to such noble patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and banish'd Rome,
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield ;
And where can Brutus fall but in Philippi field?

Some critics judge ev'n love itself too mean
A care to mix in such a lofty scene,
And with those ancient bards of Greece believe
Friendship has stronger charms to please or grieve



But our more amorous poet, finding love 25
Amidst all other cares, still shines above,
Lets not the best of Romans end their lives
Without just softness for the kindest wives.
Yet if ye think his gentle nature such
As to have soften'd this great tale too much, 30
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and passion fall,
When ye reflect 't is all but conjugal.

This to the few and knowing was address'd,
And now 't is fit I should salute the rest.

Most reverend dull judges of the pit, 35
By Nature curs'd with the wrong side of wit!
You need not care, whate'er you see to-night,
How ill some players act or poets write;
Should our mistakes be never so notorious,
You 'll have the joy of being more censorious. 40
Shew your small talent then, let that suffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye.
Each petty critic can objections raise;
The greatest skill is knowing when to praise. 44

CHORUSES.

CHORUSES IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHORUS I.

I.

W HITHER is Roman honour gone?
Where is your ancient virtue now?
'That valour which so bright has shone,
And with the wings of conquest flown,
Must to a haughty master bow, §
Who with our toil, our blood, and all we have beside,
Gorges his ill-got pow'r, his humour, and his pride.

II.

Fearless he will his life expose;
So does a lion or a bear;
His very virtues threaten those 10
Who more his bold ambition fear.
How stupid wretches we appear
Who round the world for wealth and empire roam,
Yet never, never think what slaves we are at home!

III.

Did men for this together join, — 15
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
What other beast did e'er design
The setting up his fellow-creature,
And of two mischiefs chuse the greater?



Oh! rather than be slaves to bold imperious men, 20
Give us our wildness and our woods, our huts and

IV.

[caves again.

There, secure from lawless sway,
Out of Pride or Envy's way,
Living up to Nature's rules,
Not depriv'd by knaves and fools, 25
Happily we all should live, and harmless as our sheep,
And at last as calmly die as infants fall asleep. 27

CHORUS II.

Lo! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliss I come,
The awful Genius of majestic Rome.

Great is her danger; but I will engage
Some few, the master-souls of all this age, 5
To do an act of just heroic rage.

'Tis hard a man so great should fall so low;
More hard to let so brave a people bow
To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them now.

Yet, oh! I grieve that Brutus should be stain'd, 10
Whose life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the rest combine,
 The very life and soul of their design,
 The centre where those mighty spirits join. 15

Unthinking men no sort of scruples make,
 Others do ill only for mischief's sake,
 But ev'n the best are guilty by mistake.

Thus some, for envy or revenge, intend
 To bring the bold usurper to his end;
 But for his country Brutus stabs his friend. 21

CHORUS III.

By two aerial Spirits.

I.

TELL, oh! tell me whence arise
 These disorders in our skies?
 Rome's great Genius wildly gaz'd,
 And the gods seem all amaz'd.

II.

Know, in sight of this day's sun 5
 Such a deed is to be done
 Black enough to shroud the light
 Of all this world in dismal night.

CHORUSES.

131

I.

What is this deed?

II.

To kill a man

10

The greatest since mankind began,

Learned, eloquent, and wise,

Gen'rous, merciful, and brave!

I.

Yet not too great a sacrifice

The liberty of Rome to save.

15

II.

But will not goodness claim regard?

And does not worth deserve reward?

I.

Does not their country lie at stake?

Can they do too much for her sake?

Both Spirits together.

Tho' dreadful be this doom of Fate,

20

Just is that pow'r which governs all:

Better this wondrous man should fall

Than a most glorious virtuous state.

23

CHORUS IV.

How great a curse has Providence

Thought fit to cast on human-kind!

Learning, courage, eloquence,

The gentlest nature, noblest mind,

Were intermixt in one alone,
Yet in one moment overthrow'd.

Could Chance or senseless atoms join
To form a soul so great as his?
Or would those pow'rs we hold divine
Destroy their own chief masterpiece?
Where so much difficulty lies
The doubtful are the only wise.

And, what must more perplex our thoughts,
Great Jove the best of Romans sends
To do the very worst of faults,
And kill the kindest of his friends.
All this is far above our reach;
Whatever priests presume to preach.

CHORUSES IN MARCUS BRUTUS.

CHORUS I. OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal sages taught,
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood:
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh! heav'n-born Sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore,
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust,
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore:

M

See Arts her savage sons control,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil Madncfs tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh! curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
 Still when the lust of tyrant Pow'r succeeds
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds. 32

CHORUS II. OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, tyrant Love! hast thou posselt
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
 But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.
 Why, Virtue! dost thou blame desire
 Which Nature hath imprest? 10
 Why, Nature! dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
 The gods and Brutus bend to love :
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs, 15
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love ? a transient gust
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming, fire : 20
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
 And burn for ever one,
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh ! source of ev'ry social tie, 25
 United wish, and mutual joy !
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend !
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise, 30
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
 Or views his smiling progeny ;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move !
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns, 35
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
 Hence false tears, deccits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine :
 Purest love's unwaſſing treasure,
 Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
 Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure,
 Sacred Hymen ! theſe are thine.

CHORUS III.

I.

DARK is the maze poor mortals tread
 Wiſdom itſelf a guide will need :
 We little thought when Cæſar bled
 That a worſe Cæſar would ſucceed.
 And are we under ſuch a curſe
 We cannot change but for the worſe ?

II.

With fair pretence of foreign force,
 By which Rome muſt herſelf inthrall,
 Theſe, without bluſhes or remorse,
 Proſcribe the beſt, impoveriſh all.
 The Gauls themſelves, our greateſt foe
 Could act no miſchiefs worſe than thou

III.

That Julius, with ambitious thoughts,
 Had virtues too his foes could find;
 These equal him in all his faults, 15
 But never in his noble mind.
 That free-born spirits should obey
 Wretches who know not how to sway!

IV.

Late we repent our hasty choice,
 In vain bemoan so quick a turn. 20
 Hark all to Rome's united voice!
 Better that we a while had borne
 Ev'n all those ills which most displease,
 Than fought a cure far worse than the disease. 24

CHORUS IV.

Our vows thus cheerfully we sing,
 While martial music fires our blood;
 Let all the neighbouring echoes ring
 With clamours for our country's good;
 And for reward of the just gods we claim
 A life with freedom, or a death with fame. 6

May Rome be freed from war's alarms,
 And taxes heavy to be borne;
 May she beware of foreign arms,
 And send them back with noble scorn.
 And for reward, &c. 12

May she no more confide in friends
Who nothing farther understood
Than only for their private ends
To waste her wealth and spill her blood.
And for reward, &c.

Our Senators, great Jove ! restrain
From private piques they prudence call ;
From the low thoughts of little gain
And hazarding the losing all.
And for reward, &c.

The shining arms with haste prepare,
Then to the glorious combat fly,
Our minds unclogg'd with farther care
Except to overcome or die.
And for reward, &c.

They fight oppression to increase,
We for our liberties and laws ;
It were a sin to doubt success
When freedom is the noble cause.
And for reward of the just gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

IMITATIONS.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

¶ those cold climates, where the sun appears
unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
dismal vale lies in a desert isle,
in which indulgent Heav'n did never smile :
here a thick grove of aged cypress trees, 8
which none without an awful horror sees,
to its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
whole flocks of ill-presaging birds receives :
poisons are all the plants that soil will bear,
and winter is the only season there : 10
billions of graves o'erspread the spacious field,
and springs of blood a thousand rivers yield,
whose streams, oppress'd with carcases and bones,
stead of gentle murmurs pour forth groans.
Within this vale a famous temple stands, 12
ld as the world itself, which it commands;
round is its figure, and four iron gates
divide mankind, by order of the Fates :
hither in crowds come to one common grave
the young, the old, the monarch, and the slave. 20

Old Age and Pains, those evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors,
All clad in mournful blacks, which sadly load
The sacred walls of this obscure abode;
And tapers, of a pitchy substance made,
With clouds of smoke increase the dismal shade

A monster void of reason and of sight
The goddess is who sways this realm of night;
Her pow'r extends o'er all things that have br
A cruel tyrant, and her name is Death.
The fairest object of our wond'ring eyes
Was newly offer'd up her sacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the altar stood,
Yet blushing with the fair Almeria's blood;
When griev'd Orontes, whose unhappy flame
Is known to all who e'er converse with Fame,
His mind possess'd by Fury and Despair,
Within the sacred temple made this prayer:

Great Deity! who in thy hands dost bear
That iron sceptre which poor mortals fear;
Who, wanting eyes thyself, respectest none,
And neither spar'st the laurel nor the crown!
O Thou! whom all mankind in vain withstand
Each of whose blood must one day stain thy ha
O Thou! who ev'ry eye that sees the light
Closest for ever in the shades of night!
Goddess! attend, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy pow'r alone can give relief.

Alas! I ask not to defer my fate,
 But wish my hapless life a shorter date, 50
 And that the earth would in its bowels hide.
 A wretch whom Heav'n invades on ev'ry side;
 That from the sight of day I could remove,
 And might have nothing left me but my love.
 Thou only comforter of minds oppress'd, 55
 The port where wearied spirits are at rest,
 Conductor to Elysium, take my life,
 My breast I offer to thy sacred knife:
 So just a grate refuse not, nor despise
 A willing tho' a worthless sacrifice. 60
 Others (their frail and mortal state forgot)
 Before thy altars are not to be brought
 Without constraint; the noise of dying rage,
 Heaps of the slain of ev'ry sex and age,
 The blade all reeking in the gore it shed, 65
 With fever'd heads and arms confus'dly spread;
 The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
 The groans of wretches ready to expire;
 This tragic scene in terror makes them live,
 Till that is forc'd which they should freely give; 70
 Yielding unwillingly what Heav'n will have,
 Their fears eclipse the glory of their grave;
 Before thy face they make indecent moan,
 And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one;
 Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breast, 75
 And he a murderer who was a priest;

But against me thy strongest forces call,
And on my head let all the tempest fall;
No mean retreat shall any weakness show,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear
Think not that time, our wonted sure relief
That universal cure for ev'ry grief,
Whose aid so many lovers oft' have found,
With like success can ever heal my wound:
Too weak the pow'r of Nature or of Art,
Nothing but Death can ease a broken heart
And that thou may'st behold my helpless state
Learn the extremest rigour of my fate.

Amidst th' innumerable beauteous train
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,
(The fairest town, the largest, and the best)
The fair Almeria shin'd above the rest;
From her bright eyes to feel a hopeless flame
Was of our youth the most ambitious aim:
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave
She made a prince whene'er she made a slave
Love, under whose tyrannic pow'r I groan,
Shew'd me this beauty ere 't was fully blown
Her tim'rous charms, and her unpractis'd looks
Their first assurance from my conquest took
By wounding me she learn'd the fatal art,
And the first sigh she had was from my heart.

eyes, with tears moist'ning her snowy arms, 105
 der'd the tribute owing to her charms;
 as I soonest of all mortals paid
 vows, and to her beauty altars made,
 mong all those slaves that sigh'd in vain
 thought me only worthy of my chain : 110
 e's heavy burden my submissive heart
 ur'd not long before she bore her part :
 violent flame melted her frozen breast,
 l in soft sighs her pity she exprest :
 gentle voice allay'd my raging pains, 115
 l her fair hands sustain'd me in my chains ;
 a tears of pity waited on my moan,
 l tender looks were cast on me alone :
 hopes and dangers were less mine than her's,
 se fill'd her soul with joys, and these with fears ;
 hearts, united, had the same desires, 121
 l both alike burn'd with impatient fires.
 'oo faithful Memory ! I give thee leave
 wretched master kindly to deceive ;
 make me not possessor of her charms, 125
 me not find her languish in my arms :
 joys are now my fancy's mournful themes ;
 ce all my happy nights appear but dreams :
 not such bliss before my eyes be brought,
 de those scenes from my tormenting thought ! 130
 l in their place disdainful beauty show ;
 ou wouldst not be cruel make her so ;

And, something to abate my deep despair,
 O let her seem less gentle or less fair!
 But I in vain flatter my wounded mind; 135
 Never was nymph so lovely or so kind.
 No cold repulses my desires suppress,
 I seldom sigh'd but on Almeria's breast:
 Of all the passions which mankind destroy,
 I only felt excess of love and joy: 140
 Unnumber'd pleasures charm'd my sense, and they
 Were, as my love, without the least alloy;
 As pure, alas! but not so sure to last,
 For, like a pleasing dream, they are all past. 144
 From heav'n her beauties like fierce lightnings came
 Which break thro' darkness with a glorious flame;
 A while they shine, a while our minds amaze,
 Our wond'ring eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
 But thunder follows, whose resistless rage
 None can withstand, and nothing can assuage; 150
 And all that light which those bright flashes gave
 Serves only to conduct us to our grave.

When I had just begun love's joys to taste,
 (Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)
 A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought 155
 The richest work that ever Nature wrought.
 All things below, alas! uncertain stand;
 The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand:
 Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,
 And no beginning is without an end. 160

A sacrifice to time Fate dooms us all,
 And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall :
 Time, whose bold hand will bring alike to dust
 Mankind, and temples too in which they trust.

Her wasted spirits now begin to faint, 165
 Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
 And in her heart as in a fort remains,
 But yields at last to her resistless pains.
 Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his prey,
 Thro' all her veins makes his delightful way, 170
 Her fate 's like Semele's ; the flames destroy
 That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
 Her charming face is in its spring decay'd,
 Pale grow the roses, and the lilies fade ;
 Her skin has lost that lustre which surpass 175
 The sun's, and well deserv'd as long to last :
 Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts,
 Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts ;
 Those stars now heavily and slowly move,
 And Sickness triumphs in the throne of Love. 180
 The fever ev'ry moment more prevails,
 Its rage her body feels and tongue bewails ;
 She, whose disdain so many lovers prove,
 Sighs now for torment as they sigh for love,
 And with loud cries, which rend the neighb'ring air,
 Wounds my sad heart, and weakens my despair. 186
 Both men and gods I charge now with my loss,
 And wild with grief my thoughts each other cross ;

My heart and tongue labour in both extrem
'This sends up humble pray'rs, while that blas
I ask their help whose malice I defy,
And mingle sacrilege with piety :
But that which must yet more perplex my r
'To love her truly I must seem unkind :
So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears,
I must restrain unruly floods of tears.
My eyes and tongue put on dissembling form
I shew a calmness in the midst of storms ;
I seem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
And, almost dead with grief, discover none
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his mistress die ?
When passion had, with all its terrors, broug
'Th' approaching danger nearer to my thou
Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise,
And shew'd a sighing heart in weeping eyes
My apprehensions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind
'The fair afflicted soon perceives my tears,
Explains my sighs, and thence concludes my
With sad presages of her hopeless case,
She reads her fate in my dejected face,
'Then feels my torment, and neglects her ov
While I am sensible of her's alone :
Each does the other's burthen kindly bear,
I fear her death, and she bewails my fear,

Tho' thus we suffer under Fortune's darts,
 'Tis only those of love which reach our hearts.

Mean-while the fever mocks at all our fears,
 Grows by our sighs, and rages at our tears: 220
 Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
 Like wind and oil, increase the fatal fire.

Almeria then, feeling the Destinies
 About to shut her lips and close her eyes,
 Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling hand, 225
 And with these words I scarce could understand,
 Her passion in a dying voice express'd
 Half, and her sighs, alas! made out the rest.

" 'Tis past; this pang—Nature gives o'er the strife;
 " Thou must thy mistress lose, and I my life. 230
 " I die; but, dying thine, the Fates may prove
 " Their conquest over me, but not my love:
 " Thy memory, my glory and my pain,
 " In spite of Death itself shall still remain.

" Dearest Orontes! my hard fate denies 235
 " That hope is the last thing which in us dies:
 " From my griev'd breast all those soft thoughts are
 " And love survives it tho' my hope is dead: [fled,
 " I yield my life, but keep my passion yet,
 " And can all thoughts but of Orontes quit. 240

" My flame increases as my strength decays;
 " Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raise:
 " That still remains, tho' I from hence remove;
 " I lose my lover, but I keep my love."

The sighs which sent forth that last tender word 245
 Up tow' rds the heav'ns like a bright meteor soar'd;
 And the kind nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
 Fell cold and breathless in her lover's arms.

Goddeſs! who now my fate haſt underſtood,
 Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood: 250
 Here let me end the ſtory of my cares;
 My diſmal grief enough the reſt declares:
 Judge thou by all this miſery diſplay'd,
 Whether I ought not to implore thy aid;
 'Thus to ſurvive reproaches on me draws; 255
 Never ſad wiſhes had ſo juſt a cauſe.

Come then, my only hope! in ev'ry place
 'Thou viſiteſt men tremble at thy face,
 And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
 Fall on a ſwain that does the blow demand. 260
 Vouchſafe thy dart; I need not one of thoſe
 With which thou doſt unwilling kings depoſe:
 A welcome death the flighteſt wound can bring,
 And free a ſoul already on her wing:
 Without thy aid, moſt miſerable I
 Muſt ever wiſh, yet not obtain to die. 266

On apprehenſion of loſing what he had newly gained.

IN IMITATION OF OVID.

SURE I of all men am the firſt
 'That ever was by kindneſs curſt.

Who must my only bliss bemoan,
And am by happiness undone.

Had I at distance only seen 5
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this passion seiz'd.

When afterwards so near I came
As to be scorch'd in Beauty's flame, 10
To so much softness, so much sense,
Reason itself made no defence.

What pleasing thoughts possess'd my mind
When little favours shew'd you kind!
And tho', when coldness oft' prevail'd, 15
My heart would sink, and spirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,

And all your chains as bracelets wore;
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
Desiring without knowing why; 20
For, not yet blest within your arms,
Who could have thought of half your charms?

Charms of such a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, must not, find, 25 }
A body worthy of your mind.
Fancy could ne'er so high reflect,
Nor Love itself such joys expect.

After such embraces past,
Whose memory will ever last,

Love is still reflecting back;
 All my soul is on a rack.
 'To be in hell 's sufficient curse,
 But to fall from heav'n is worse.
 I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,
 But then I dwelt in darkness too.
 Of gains, alas! I could not boast,
 But little thought how much I lost.

Now heart-devouring eagerness,
 And sharp impatience to possess;
 Now restless cares, consuming fires,
 Anxious thoughts, and fierce desires,
 Tear my heart to that degree,
 For ever fix'd on only thee;
 'Then all my comfort is, I shall
 Live in thy arms, or not at all.

THE PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

THOU flatterer of all the fair,
 Come with all your skill and care;
 Draw me such a shape and face
 As your flatt'ry would disgrace.
 With not that she would appear,
 'Tis well for you she is not here:
 Scarce can you with safety see
 All her charms describ'd by me;



I, alas ! the danger know ;	
I, alas ! have felt the blow ;	10
Mourn, as lost, my former days,	
That never sung of Celia's praise ;	
And those few that are behind	} 15
I shall blest or wretched find	
Only just as she is kind.	
With her tempting eyes begin,	} 20
Eyes that would draw angels in	
To a second sweeter sin.	
Oh ! those wanton rolling eyes !	
At each glance a lover dies :	20
Make them bright, yet make them willing,	
Let them look both kind and killing.	
Next draw her forehead, then her nose,	
And lips just op'ning, that disclose	
Teeth so bright, and breath so sweet,	25
So much beauty, so much wit,	
To our very soul they strike,	
All our senses pleas'd alike.	
But so pure a white and red	
Never, never can be said :	30
What are words in such a case ?	
What is paint to such a face ?	
How should either art avail us ?	
Fancy here itself must fail us.	
In her looks, and in her mien,	35
Such a graceful air is seen,	

That if you, with all your art,
Can but reach the smallest part,
Next to her, the matchless she !
We shall wonder most at thee. 40

Then her neck, and breasts, and hair,
And her——but my charming fair
Does in a thousand things excel
Which I must not, dare not, tell.

How go on then ? Oh ! I see 45
A lovely Venus drawn by thee ;
Oh ! how fair she does appear !
Touch it only here and there :
Make her yet seem more divine,
Your Venus then may look like mine, 50
Whose bright form if once you saw,
You by her would Venus draw. 55

TRANSLATIONS.

HELEN TO PARIS.

FROM OVID.

translated by the Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Dryden.

THEN loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
e half consents who silently denies.
ow dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
arriage and hospitable rights profane?
as it for this your fate did shelter find 5
om swelling seas and ev'ry faithless wind?
or tho' a distant country brought you forth,
our usage here was equal to your worth.)
es this deserve to be rewarded so?
d you come here a stranger or a foe? 10
ur partial judgment may perhaps complain,
nd think me barb'rous for my just disdain:
-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
or my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
o' in my face there 's no affected frown, 15
or in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
eep my honour still without a stain,
or has my love made any toxeomb vain.
our boldness I with admiration see;
hat hope had you to gain a queen like me? 20

Because a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
Had I been won I had deserv'd your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame;
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear, 25
I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear:
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you we had not parted so. 30
Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:
Did he repent that Paris might succeed?
Sure 't is some fate that sets me above wrongs, 35
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
I'll not complain, for who's displeas'd with love
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
But that I fear—not that I think you base,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face; 40
But all your sex is subject to deceive,
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the best—
But why should I not shine above the rest?
Fair Leda's story seems at first to be 45
A fit example ready found for me:
But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
And under harmless feathers hid her self.

If I should yield, what reason could I use ?
By what mistake the loving crime excuse ? 50
Her fault was in her pow'rful lover lost ;
But of what Jupiter have I to boast ?
Tho' you to heroes and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need ;
And great alliances but useless prove 55
To one that springs herself from mighty Jove.
Go then and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
Which I would shew I valued if I durst :
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first. 60
The crown of 'Troy is pow'rful, I confess,
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant, call,
Gives expectation such an ample field 65
As would move goddesses themselves to yield :
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause :
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain : 70
Not that so fair a present I despise ;
We like the gift when we the giver prize ;
But 't is your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (tho' I dissembled too) 75
A thousand things that love has made you do :

Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine, [shine.
In which (wild man!) your wanton thoughts would
Sometimes you 'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardour press my hand; 80
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass;
Which oft' I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And blushing sat for things which you have done;
'Then murmur'd to myself, He 'll for my sake 85
Do any thing : I hope 't was no mistake.
Oft' have I read within this pleasant grove,
Under my name, these charming words, " I love."
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame,
But now, alas! am come to write the same. 90
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this;
For, oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence 95
May some bless'd maid possess with innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move;
Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is sought by all mankind;
As you have eyes, so others are not blind : 100
Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
'They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
My virgin love when thousand rivals fought,

TRANSLATIONS.

You had I seen, you should have had my voice,
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you came too late;
Another now is master of my fate :
More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo.
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill ;
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
Three goddesses disputed Beauty's prize :
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause who smiling promis'd me.
But, first, I am not of belief so light
To think such nymphs would shew you such a sight
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd ;
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard
To think that Venus made me her reward ;
I humbly am content with human praise ;
A goddess's applause would envy raise.
But be it as you say ; for 't is confess'd
The men who flatter highest please us best :
That I suspect it ought not to displease,
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice ;
A greater yet that you confirm'd her choice ;

'That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sov'reignty,
 Juno and Pallas you condemn'd for me.
 Am I your empire then, and your renown? 135
 What heart of rock but must by this be won?
 And yet bear witness, O ye Pow'rs above!
 How rude I am in all the arts of love;
 My hand is yet untaught to write to men,
 'This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen: 140
 Happy those nymphs whom use has perfect made;
 I think all crime, and tremble at a shade:
 Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
 Look often back, misdoubting a surpris;
 For now the rumour spreads among the crowd, 145
 At court in whispers, but in town aloud.
 Dissemble you whate'er you hear them say:
 To leave off loving were your better way;
 Yet if you will dissemble it you may. }
 Love secretly: the absence of my lord 150
 More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
 Long is his journey, long will be his stay,
 Call'd by affairs of consequence away:
 To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
 I bid him make what swift return he could: 155
 Then kissing me, he said, "I recommend
 "All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend."
 I smil'd at what he innocently said,
 And only answer'd, "You shall be obey'd."

Propitious winds have borne him far from hence, 160
 But let not this secure your confidence :
 Absent he is, yet absent he commands :
 You know the proverb, " Princes have long hands."
 My fame 's my burden, for the more I 'm prais'd
 A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd : 165
 Were I less fair I might have been more blest ;
 Great beauty thro' great danger is possess'd.
 To leave me here his venture was not hard,
 Because he thought my virtue was my guard :
 He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life ; 170
 The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
 You bid me use th' occasion while I can
 Put in our hands by the good easy man.
 I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear ;
 One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
 Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone ; 176
 The nights are long ; I fear to lie alone :
 One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
 And you 're too pressing to be long deny'd.
 Let me not live but ev'ry thing conspires 180
 To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
 You court with words when you should force employ ;
 A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy :
 Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
 Our sex can suffer what we dare not give. 185
 What have I said ! for both of us 't were best
 Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.

Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
 'Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight: 245
 Bid Hector fall from the walls of Troy;
 A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
 Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
 Were I as wise as many of my sex:
 But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire, 250
 And I, perhaps, may yield to your desire.
 You last demand a private conference:
 'These are your words; but I can guess your sense.
 Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
 Be rul'd by me, and 'Time may be your friend. 255
 'This is enough to let you understand,
 For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
 My woman knows the secret of my heart,
 And may hereafter better news impart. 259

PART OF THE

STORY OF ORPHEUS.

Being a translation out of the fourth book of Virgil's Georgics.

'Tis not for nothing when just Heav'n does frown;
 The injur'd Orpheus calls these judgments down,
 Whose spouse, avoiding to become thy prey,
 And all his joys at once, were snatch'd away:

The nymph, fore-doom'd that fatal way to pass, 5
Spy'd not the serpent lurking in the grass :
A mournful cry the spacious valley fills
With echoing groans from all the neighb'ring hills ;
The Dryades roar out in deep despair,
And with united voice bewail the fair. 10

For such a loss he sought no vain relief,
But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief ;
Along the shore he oft' would wildly stray,
With doleful notes begin and end the day :
At length to hell a frightful journey made, 15
Pass'd the wide-gaping gulf and dismal shade,
Visits the ghosts, and to that king repairs
Whose heart 's inflexible to human pray'rs.
All hell is ravish'd with so sweet a song ;
Light souls and airy spirits glide along 20
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driv'n home by night, or some tempestuous wind ;
Matrons and men, raw youths and unripe maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
And sons entomb'd before their parents' face, 25
These the black waves of bounding Styx embrace
Nine times circumfluent, clogg'd with noisome weeds,
And all that filth which standing water breeds :
Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of Death,
The Sisters with blue snaky curls took breath, 30
Ixion's wheel a while unmov'd remain'd,
And the fierce dog his three-mouth'd voice restrain'd.

When safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
 His wife, restor'd to breathe fresh air at last;
 Following, (for so Proserpina was pleas'd) 35
 A sudden rage th' unwary lover seiz'd;
 He, as the first bright glimpse of day-light shin'd,
 Could not refrain to cast one look behind;
 A fault of love! could hell compassion find. }
 A dreadful sound thrice shook the Stygian coast, 40
 His hopes quite fled, and all his labour lost!
 "Why hast thou thus undone thyself and me?
 What rage is this? oh! I am snatch'd from thee!
 (She faintly cry'd;) Night and the pow'rs of hell
 Surround my fight; oh! Orpheus! oh! farewell! 45
 My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before,
 But all in vain, for I am thine no more;
 No more allow'd to view thy face, or day!"—
 Then from his eyes, like smoke, she fleets away.
 Much he would fain have spoke; but Fate, alas! 50
 Would ne'er again consent to let him pass.
 'Thus twice undone, what course remain'd to take
 'To gain her back, already pass'd the lake?
 What tears, what patience, could procure him ease?
 Or, ah! what vows the angry pow'rs appease? 55
 'Tis said he seven long moons bewail'd his loss
 'To bleak and barren rocks, on whose cold moss,
 While languishing he sung his fatal flame,
 He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tigers tame.

So the sad nightingale, when childless made 60
By some rough swain who stole her young away,
Bewails her loss beneath a poplar shade,
Mourns all the night, in murmurs wastes the day;
Her melting songs a doleful pleasure yield,
And melancholy music fills the field. 65

Marriage nor love could ever move his mind,
But all alone, beat by the northern wind,
Shiv'ring on Tanais' banks the bard remain'd,
And of the god's unfruitful gift complain'd.
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be despis'd, 70
As they the feast of Bacchus solemniz'd,
Slew the poor youth, and strew'd about his limbs;
His head, torn off from the fair body, swims
Down that swift current where the Heber flows,
And still its tongue in doleful accents goes; 75
"Ah! poor Eurydice!" he dying cry'd;
Eurydice resounds from ev'ry side. 77

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Jan. 22. 1780.

THE END.



